

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 775.

OCT. 4, 1884

THE
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AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
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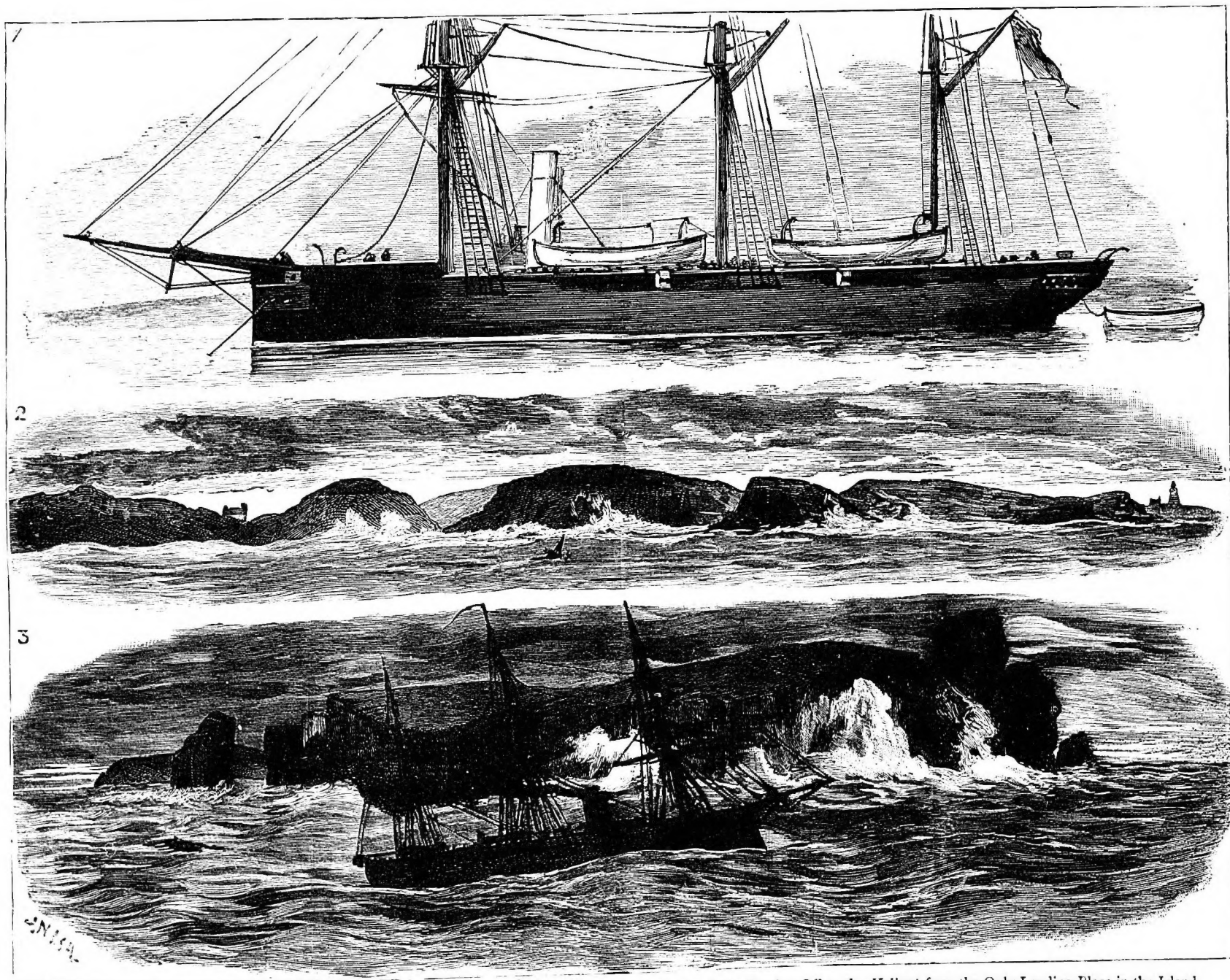
ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
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THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—CANADIAN BOATMEN GOING ON BOARD THE
"ALGOMA" AT PORT ARTHUR, LAKE SUPERIOR, ON THEIR WAY TO QUEBEC
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION



1. H.M. Gunboat *Wasp*.—2. Mast of the *Wasp* Drifting Off Marned Head.—3. Boat with the Survivors Coming Off to the *Valiant* from the Only Landing-Place in the Island.
THE WRECK OF H.M. GUNBOAT "WASP" OFF TORY ISLAND, DONEGAL

Topics of the Week

THE DEFENCE OF KHARTOUM.—That Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have blundered most terribly in their Egyptian policy not even their most ardent apologists dare to deny. They ought either not to have meddled with Egypt at all, or having interfered they should have interfered effectually, taking the control of the country into their own hands. We have said all this over and over again till we are weary of saying it, but it is worth repeating now. The veil has at last been lifted which for months hid General Gordon from our view, and we have been permitted to see him, beleaguered but not dismayed, in the smoke of perpetual battle ("no day has passed without firing"), and dependent on a garrison who, the negroes excepted, were to the enemy as sheep are to wolves. Two hundred of these heroes, armed with Remingtons, fled before eight men with spears. The odds are fearful, and in some respects the situation is worse than that of Lucknow, where the defenders of the feeble entrenchments were men of undaunted courage and unfailing resources. Two months have elapsed since Mr. Power's telegram was despatched, and therefore the food supply of the Khartoum garrison must, according to their own calculations, by now be nearly exhausted. If, however, the messages which have subsequently been received through the Mudir of Dongola can be regarded as trustworthy—and competent judges admit their apparent authenticity—Gordon was still holding his own, and not merely holding his own, but driving back the rebels. There is, therefore, good hope that he and Wolseley may ere long shake each other by the hand. It is impossible at this juncture to avoid contrasting the behaviour of Gordon with that of our Government. The former started on his perilous mission alone and unarmed, yet such is the mighty influence of faith and single-hearted enthusiasm that for months, without the slightest aid from his countrymen, he has stemmed back the tide of revolt in an immense province. The Gladstone Ministry, on the other hand, have during the same interval done nothing. Indeed, they have done worse than nothing, for they have without necessity destroyed many valuable lives. Let the ghosts of the army of Hicks Pasha, and of those who fell at El Teb and Tamanieb, bear witness against them. The reason is that from the time of Arabi's revolt up to the present moment, their policy has been half-hearted and indecisive. Instead of boldly doing what they believed to be right, regardless of the consequences to themselves, they have always been considering whether their own popularity with the multitude would suffer injury. We are loth to say it of the Queen's principal adviser, but, by the side of Gordon, Mr. Gladstone looks very small and rather mean.

LORD SALISBURY AT GLASGOW.—The Conservatives have certainly good reason to be satisfied with the welcome accorded to Lord Salisbury at Glasgow. The enthusiasm with which he was received probably far surpassed his expectations; and since Tuesday evening a good many Scotch Liberals must have been asking themselves whether, after all—so far at least as the West of Scotland is concerned—they have not been underrating the power of their opponents. The Tory leader is not, however, likely to have been misled as to the political opinions of the vast majority of the Scottish people; nor can he hope that he has made many converts by his vigorous speeches. He has, indeed, considerably improved his position by the frankness with which he has expressed his approval of the principle of the Franchise Bill. It is not, of course, supposed that Lord Salisbury is eager to increase the power of the democracy; but he has stated so definitely that he accepts the proposed change as inevitable that no respectable politician will henceforth venture to question his sincerity. But about Redistribution he has had nothing to say that could be satisfactory to any class of politicians who are not already committed to what is called Conservative policy. For some time it was thought that, although he might not sanction the creation of equal electoral districts, he would be willing to move in that direction; but now he has shown that what he wishes is a highly artificial system, which would give his party a larger proportion of representatives in Parliament than its numbers in the country would entitle it to. Against such a proposal as this all Liberals will be united; and it is impossible to believe that if an appeal were made to the nation it would be found to commend itself to the judgment of the majority of Englishmen. The truth seems to be that Lord Salisbury has a very imperfect conception of the strength of Conservatism in this country. A just scheme of Redistribution would not in the end be injurious to the interests of his party, for the democracy will be as ready as the middle class has ever been to turn out any Ministry, no matter what its professions may be, which happens to do violence either to its principles or to its prejudices.

THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—For one person who scans the annual reports of the British Association's meeting with any attention, there are a hundred who follow the proceedings of the Church Congress with a serious interest; and this proportion of a hundred to one is about that of

believers to sceptics among us. Money can always be found for new churches, and as fast as churches are built they are filled; but it is as difficult to collect funds for scientific institutes as it is to recruit purchasers for Agnostic publications, and the reason of this does not lie in the fact that science excites no curiosity among our people, but simply in the circumstance that scientific institutes and free-thinking periodicals are apt to fall under the direction of men whose "science" is but a compound of ignorance and presumption, and whose talk is offensive. As Ernest Renan confessed in the story of his "Early Years," which appeared a twelve-month ago, "Very few men have the right to doubt." With not many exceptions the highest intellects know that science never proved, and will never prove, anything that can shake the reasoning Christian's faith; but the scientist who has read little and understands still less of the works from which he quotes—the man whose scepticism is formed out of a stray theory of Huxley's and a fallacy of Darwin's, commingled with a fondness for speculation and a distaste for facts—this personage is largely represented among the so-called enemies of religion. He has been very useful, however. If Churchmen must wish for his extinction from religious motives, they cannot desire it on grounds of policy, for he has played the part of Apuleius's ass, whose voice shook the echoes of a thousand hills; making the world imagine that there was a whole herd of his species giving tongue. He has induced Churchmen to close up their ranks. Such assemblies as those of the Church Congress would have been impossible a few years ago, before clergymen had sunk their differences on small points in order to take their stand on the principles and doctrines which divide men least. It may be added that in no European country, except England, could clergymen assemble in large numbers without betraying themselves to be out of harmony with the social and political aspirations of the majority of their countrymen. The perusal of the speeches at this week's Congress will show how completely the Church of England is in accord with all the really liberal movements of the day—most of which, indeed, it leads.

GERMANS, DUTCH, ENGLISH, AND BLACKS IN SOUTH AFRICA.—In North Eastern Africa, where we are interfering on such a gigantic and expensive scale, there is not much excuse for our interfering at all. The bondholders might be safely trusted to look after their own interests, and the Suez Canal could be safeguarded without meddling with the domestic concerns of Egypt. But in South Africa the position is altogether different. We have there a chain of colonies largely inhabited by persons of British birth or descent, and it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that if our Government continues to persevere with the *poco curante* policy in which it has lately indulged we run no small risk of losing our South African possessions as irrevocably as we have lost those colonies which are now styled the United States of North America. Let us at least express a hope that the South African Conference which is about to assemble in London will stir up the Government to adopt decisive measures. The immediate difficulty is Bechuanaland, which is overrun with Boer filibusters. Unless these filibusters are compelled to withdraw, there can be little doubt that the Boers of the Transvaal, whose "earth-hunger" is notorious, will gradually "eat up" all the surrounding territories, as they are now "eating up" Zululand. It is useless now to lament past blunders, nor would it be fair to say that the Home Government could if it pleased easily put an end to these difficulties. The matter is really one of considerable complication. The settlement of the Bechuanaland question rests primarily with the Government of the old Cape Colony—which, it must be remembered, is practically as much an independent Government as those of New South Wales or Victoria. Now, in the western part of Cape Colony the Dutch element is in the majority, and these citizens, though by no means applauding all the high-handed doings of their countrymen across the border, nevertheless sympathise with them as countrymen. Nor is it certain that even the British-born colonists would treat the blacks as the Home Government would like to have them treated, that is, as fellow-citizens, possessing equal rights. They would prefer to keep them in subjection. These facts may explain why the Cape Government is apathetic concerning the Boer invasion of Bechuanaland. Then, as if Dutch, English, and Negroes did not form a sufficient trinity of contending elements in this ill-starred region, we shall soon have the Germans to reckon with. Of Angra Pequena in itself they are not likely to make much. But a mouse can get into a very big cheese through a very small hole. And there are events more unlikely than that Prince Bismarck may use the Transvaal Boers as the stepping-stone to a genuine German Dominion in South Africa.

FRENCH FOREIGN POLICY.—The Duc de Broglie is, of course, heartily disliked by French Radicals; but it might be well both for them and for France if they would seriously reflect on some of the statements in his recent speech at Vaudreuil. His main contention was that there has been an extraordinary want of forethought and common sense in the foreign policy of the Republican party; and it would be difficult for his opponents to show that in making good this position he was guilty of the slightest exaggeration or unfairness. The Duc de Broglie himself was certainly not a wise Minister, for he sought to impose on France a form of

government which she detested; but, so far as foreign relations were concerned, he acted on a definite principle, feeling convinced that his country could hope to regain its old position only by confining itself strictly to the management of its domestic affairs. His successors have moved on very different lines. In all parts of the world they have manifested an aggressive spirit; and if we may judge by the tone of their supporters in the Press, they intend to be even more aggressive in the future than they have been in the past. Yet what have they gained, or what are they likely to gain, by their adventurous policy? In Madagascar some villages have been bombarded; but that has brought to France neither glory nor material advantage. The meaning of the operations in Chinese waters nobody professes to understand; and all that is certain is that, even if China were thoroughly beaten, the French people would be in no way better off than they are now. If we come nearer home, we find that the relations between France and England are anything but friendly, and that, for the supposed loss of English good-will, Frenchmen are trying to console themselves by talk about an alliance with Germany. These are the results of M. Ferry's action; and the Duc de Broglie is surely not far wrong in thinking that they are not results of which any class of Republicans can be particularly proud.

THE LORD MAYOR.—It is to be regretted that Alderman Fowler did not allow himself to be nominated for a second term of office. He was elected out of the usual course by the exercise of the most wise discretion, as it turned out, and if he had been reappointed for a second term, and then for a third, he might have happily broken that tradition by which the Mayoralty has been reduced to an ornamental function, to be held in senseless rotation by aldermen, good or bad. The first Mayor of London, Henry FitzAlwyn, served for twenty-four consecutive years, and then made way for his son. The Mayoralty seemed then in fair prospect of becoming hereditary, so King John stepped in, and gave a new charter to the City, by which it was decreed that the Mayors should be chosen annually, though they might be re-elected. Robert Serle, the first of the new Mayors, served for three years, and, after an interval, was re-elected five years in succession. Many provincial mayors retain their office for years, and the fact is that in these business-like days it is far more important that a Corporation should have an able chief than that a crowd of aldermen should be provided each in his turn with the enjoyment of lording it in a furred gown and gold chain. These honourable insignia should become once more the symbols of pre-eminent individual merit, as they have unquestionably been in the outgoing Lord Mayor's case. Alderman Fowler has been a thoroughly good Chief Magistrate. His jolly *physique*, his outspoken bluntness in expressing his convictions, his perfect good-humour and courtesy towards his opponents—of which he gave an example in his well-turned compliment to Mr. Gladstone at last November's banquet—and, above all, the sincere religiousness, not of his professions only, but of his daily life, make him a worthy representative of what is best in the commercial classes of London. We are sorry to see him go. Though Alderman Fowler may not be wanted for the combative part which was at first assigned to him, as the Corporation Reform Bill will probably remain for some time in abeyance, the administrative qualities which he possesses will always be in request. He could have taken no better step towards winning popularity and respect for the Corporation, and so maintaining it as it now stands, than by allowing himself to be re-elected Lord Mayor as often as the Court of Aldermen might have desired.

INFANTICIDE.—There have been in times past, and still are, countries where the intentional slaughter of newly-born babies is a recognised and lawful proceeding. We shrink with conventional horror at the hard-heartedness which such regulations seem to infer, but we do not always stop to reflect that we have the thing among ourselves. The process, too, is far more cruel, because it is illegal, and has to be done secretly. If a poor illegitimate baby, for example, could choose its fate, would it not sooner be drowned as soon as born, like a superfluous kitten, than kept lingering on for weeks and months, and then starved to death by some experienced baby-farmer, who usually knows how to contrive her studied neglect so skillfully as to ensure a certificate that the death of the suffering little one is due to "natural causes"? Nor are "love-children" (as unintentional irony occasionally styles them) the only victims of the baby-killer. Such a fate sometimes overtakes the child born in lawful wedlock, where the parents are cruel, drunken, and improvident. If the child's life is insured, the temptation to handle a round sum in cash overcomes the scruples of conscience and any lingering traces of parental affection. Such a child is "accidentally" overlaid in bed; or, according to the statement of a medical man in Monday's *Times*, "patent" medicines are judiciously administered, and the desired result is produced. Some years ago, we remember, there was quite an epidemic of such insurance-murders in a district of Essex. This sort of child-murder might be discouraged by making the insurance of children's lives under fourteen years of age illegal (provision being made for special cases) except for funeral expenses, the said expenses being defrayable by a public official, so that the parents would not have the handling of the money. For the present system of slowly murdering illegitimate infants we see no

remedy except the Chinese one, which public opinion in this country is not likely to adopt.

PRINCE BISMARCK.—Vigorous preparations are being made for the General Election in Germany; and Prince Bismarck, as usual on these occasions, is being attacked by the representatives of many different parties. He is being attacked, however, only for his domestic policy. For his conduct of foreign affairs he receives nothing but compliments; and certainly the compliments are well deserved. After the Franco-German war it seemed certain that the new Empire had before it a time of much perplexity, for it was surrounded by Powers jealous of its greatness, and all sorts of hostile combinations were supposed to be possible. Yet Germany has never been more secure than she is at the present moment. Austria is her close ally; Russia is eager to secure her friendship; Italy almost invariably acts with her; and even France is beginning to think that the war of revenge may with advantage be indefinitely postponed. All this is, of course, due to Prince Bismarck's masterly policy—a policy as moderate as it is firm, dictated by respect for the rights of Germany's neighbours as much as by a resolve to maintain the rights of Germany herself. It is strange that a statesman who has played so splendid a part in the history of the world should be utterly unsuccessful in his domestic policy. Powerful and popular as he is, he has never been able to secure a really trustworthy majority in Parliament. Even at the time when he was generally supported by the National Liberals he had frequently the utmost difficulty in inducing them to accept his measures; and since they broke away from him he has been obliged to bargain incessantly with different parties, trying alternately the effect of threats and of promises. To him, of course, it seems that German politicians are very ungrateful; but in reality he is more to blame than they are. For as a legislator he does not show the breadth and grasp which are characteristic of him as a Foreign Minister. The German people think that they are capable of governing themselves; whereas Prince Bismarck acts as if they had not advanced a step beyond the stage which their forefathers had reached in the age of Frederick the Great.

“YOUNG SIR ROGER.”—The release of Thomas Castro, or Orton—or whatever his name may be—is approaching, and we shall soon be worried again by the agitations of that ponderous personage. Deducting from the profits of his enterprise the ten years' imprisonment which he has suffered, he seems to have found that business on the whole so lucrative that he is going to train his son to it. The boy at present holds a good situation; he is to be made to resign it in order to devote himself to studying what Castro calls “the intricacies of my case.” One cannot imagine a worse fate for the poor lad, nor think without disgust of the unfatherly selfishness which condemns him to it. Assuming that young Roger believes his father's story, and will reiterate in all sincerity the falsehoods which the latter's low cunning has invented, and for which he has been punished, his life will be at best that of a man at hopeless war with society. It will be part of his education to believe in the venality of judges, the villainy of governments, and the imbecility or prejudice of all who cannot be got to credit his foolish tales. His associates will be half-crazy enthusiasts, ignorant dupes, and speculative lawyers of doubtful repute. He will waste weary days drawing up petitions to the Queen, to Parliament, and to Cabinet Ministers; he will go from law court to law court making silly applications and getting snubbed; he will address public meetings, send letters to newspapers and begging-letters to old ladies and gentlemen of weak wits and benevolent disposition. As he goes on telling always the same old story, closing his eyes to its improbabilities, and rejecting all evidence against it, his mind will acquire the warp of monomania; and if his heart be a warm one, with sympathies naturally honest, the miseries of disappointment and of public obloquy or disdainful play will make his days profoundly wretched. The boy will be more to be pitied if he gets to suspect his father's fraud, but feels bound to carry it on through filial affection mixed with dishonest ideas that may be instilled into him; and again he will be much to be pitied if, guessing the truth, he has the moral courage to decline the destiny prepared for him, and so quarrels with the unhappy man who has some right to his love, if not to his respect. That section of the public which in a sportive sort of way has backed up the Claimant because he has shown himself a plucky rascal should feel now that they owe a duty to young Castro. Good-natured patronage of a convicted imposture ceases to be a laughing matter when it may be the means of wrecking a young life not without promise.

ARTESIAN WELLS.—At the present time, when river water is almost everywhere more or less polluted with sewage, many people believe that the only effective remedy is to draw our water supply from deep underground wells, sunk on what is known as the Artesian principle. It appears, however, that such sources of supply, in the districts where they are found, are by no means inexhaustible. These subterranean reservoirs are simply formed by the percolation of the rainfall through the surrounding water-bearing strata. Any attempt to use them on a comprehensive scale will inevitably produce a serious diminution of their resources. This is proved by experience. Already these treasures of the deep have been dipped into pretty freely by municipal bodies and

by private persons, with the result, in numerous instances, that the level of the underground reservoir has receded much further below the surface than when the deposit was first tapped. The chances are, then, that if an attempt were made to furnish London with its 4,000,000 inhabitants in this manner with water, the demand would far exceed the supply, and we should be driven to return to adjacent streams, as at present, or obtain a supply, at enormous cost, from some Welsh lake, where there would probably be other and nearer candidates in the field against us. The true remedy is to make and keep our rivers pure, and this is assuredly feasible, if in the case of every town and village, according to its magnitude, a liberal supply of land were set apart for sewage irrigation purposes. It is humiliating to think that we still adopt the barbarous expedient of pouring the fertilising matter contained in the metropolitan sewage into the lower reaches of the Thames.

COMPROMISE.—When Lord Cowper proposed that the Ministry should produce its Redistribution Bill in the Autumn Session, his suggestion was not received with much favour. There are signs, however, that the plan will even yet be seriously considered. It is earnestly supported by the Duke of Argyll; and several influential Liberal journals have been urging that the Government might accept it without humiliation or inconsistency. The difficulty is that even if the Bill were laid before Parliament, the Peers could not be certain that it would ultimately be submitted to them in its original form. The Redistribution Bill, whatever may be its character, will be sure to give offence to many members on both sides of the House of Commons; and it will probably contain scarcely a clause which will not be hotly contested. Even Mr. Gladstone will therefore be unable to promise that when his measure comes out of Committee it will be essentially the same as when it went in. Notwithstanding this drawback, it may be hoped that if the compromise is approved by the Government it will not be rejected by the Conservative party. However confident the Conservatives may be that they have held their ground in the controversy which has been going on during the last two months, they must be aware that if the present excitement continued it would be equally unfortunate for them and for the country. Were the Franchise Bill rejected a second time, there can be no doubt that a most formidable agitation against the House of Lords would be started; and the tone of Mr. Gladstone's recent speech at Perth distinctly indicated that he would do nothing to discourage the movement. Is it worth while to raise such an issue as this merely because Lord Salisbury hopes that if Parliament were dissolved he would secure a majority? It is almost certain that he would be disappointed; and in that case the Conservatives would probably have to accept a far less moderate Redistribution Bill than the one that is now being prepared.

CONVICTS AND DETECTIVES.—“The Ex-Convict's Story,” which filled more than a column of small print in the *Standard* the other day, was well worth reading. Here was a man, who, instead of airing convicts' grievances, had nothing but good treatment to acknowledge, both during his captivity and during his release. Sentenced to seven years' penal servitude and to five years' of police supervision, he served his term, minus twenty months of remission, at Pentonville and Brixton, where he found the diet excellent and plentiful, the warders kind, the governor just and gentle, and the chaplains full of sympathy. After his discharge he got every assistance from the police in trying to establish himself in good situations; and from individual detectives he actually received unasked pecuniary aid. Without throwing any doubt on this convict's story, we may also believe the sadder experiences since published of other convicts, who complain that detectives have prevented them from earning an honest livelihood. It is mere cant to talk of the virtues of detectives as a body. Men whose business it is to catch criminals, who think every kind of stratagem fair in so doing, and whose time is mostly spent in the haunts of vice and in the company of scamps, must in many cases get contaminated. The detective of the Inspector Bucket type is a rarity. What many detectives are was seen by the revelations at the trial of Druscovitch and Meiklejohn a few years ago, and unless that trial had the effect of suddenly and miraculously purifying the force, which we doubt, there must be not a few detectives capable of levying black-mail from discharged convicts. This offence is so heartless and abominable, however, that the police authorities ought to be very vigilant in preventing and repressing it. Allegations made by ex-convicts against detectives ought not to be summarily dismissed, but should always be carefully considered. They probably would if Superintendents and Inspectors were gentlemen instead of petty officers, often very ignorant and coarse, risen from the ranks. Meanwhile ex-convicts who are bullied by detectives ought not to be afraid to lay their trouble before magistrates. Why did not the convict who complains of having been harried out of two or three situations by detectives, go to a police-court and charge his persecutors by name? The Press would have taken up his case if the magistrate had refused to do so.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled “OLD AND YOUNG EGYPT,” PART I., by H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.

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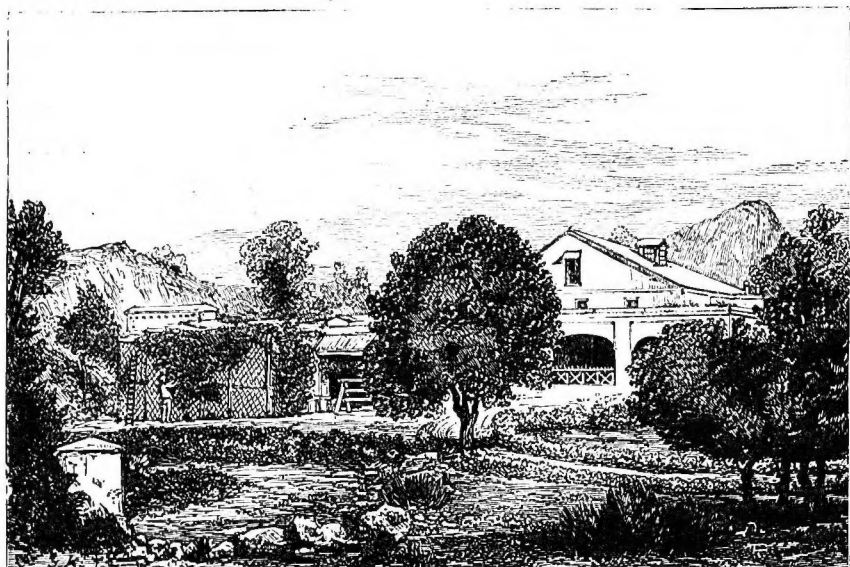
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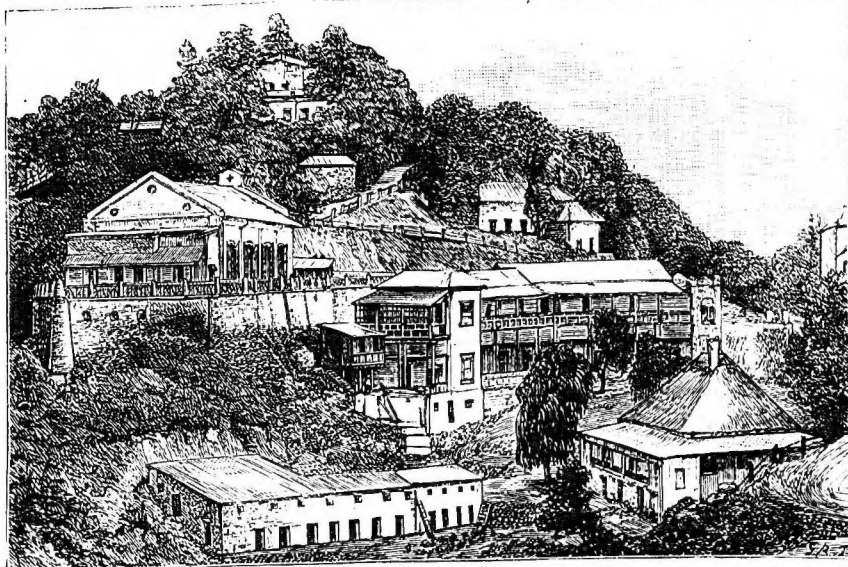
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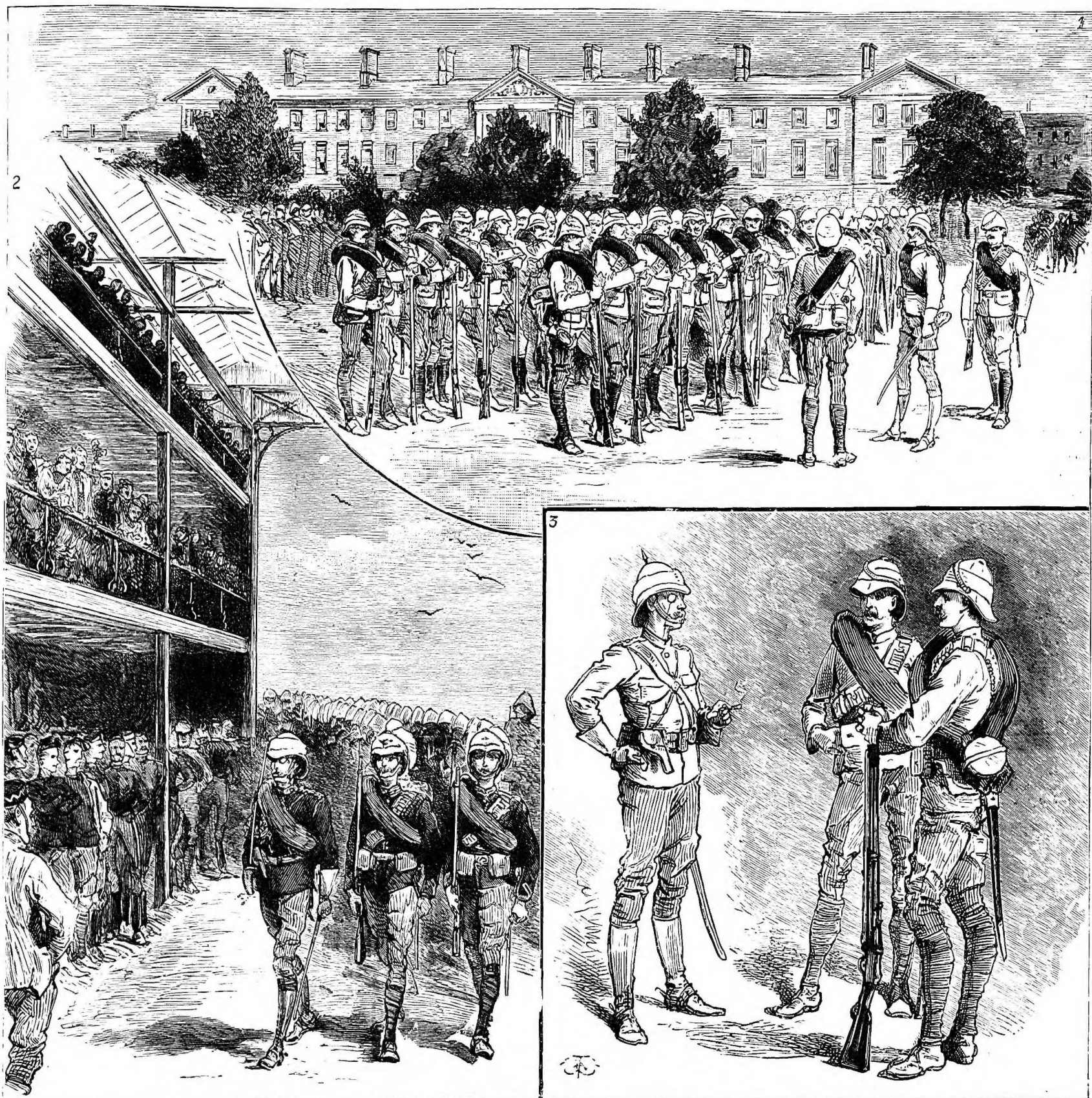


GENERAL VIEW OF THE HAPPY VALLEY

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN INDIA

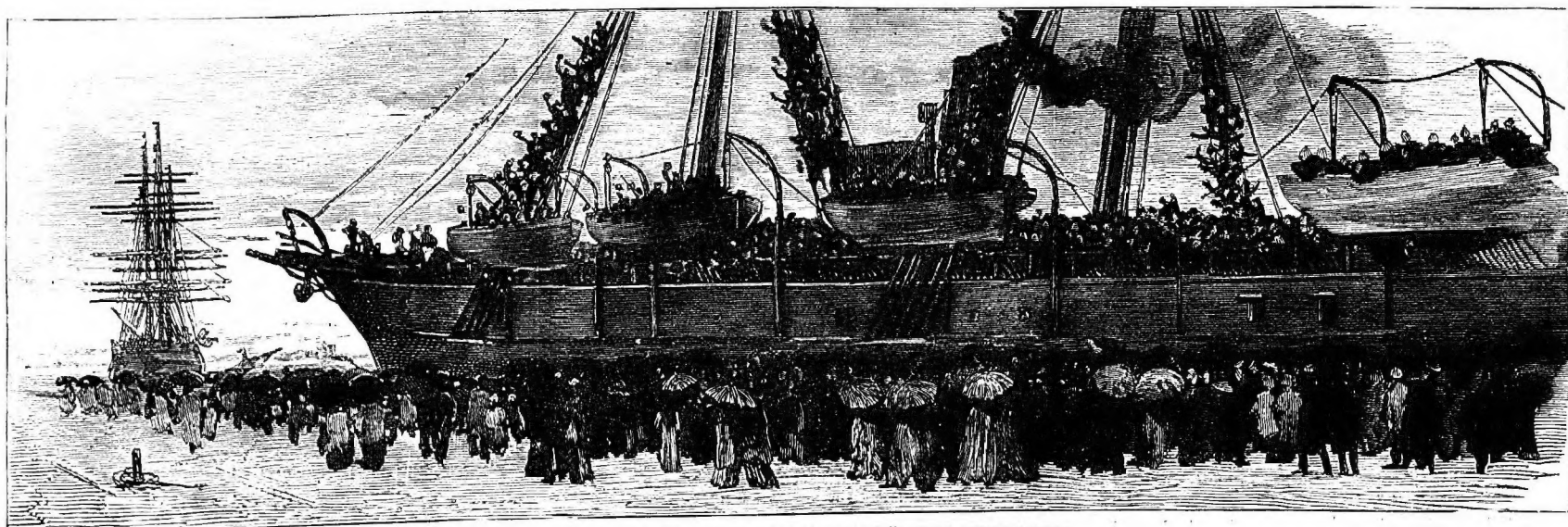


THE TROOPER OF THE FUTURE



1. Parade of the Detachment.—2. Arrival of the Royal Horse Guards Detachment at Aldershot from Windsor.—3. The Special Uniform of Officers and Privates

THE CAMEL CORPS AT ALDERSHOT



DEPARTURE OF THE TROOP-SHIP "DECCAN" FROM PORTSMOUTH

THE CAMEL CORPS FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION



CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS FOR THE NILE EXPEDITION

THE Red River Expedition of 1870, though it attracted little attention among the general public in this country, owing to the absorption of all popular interest in the gigantic conflict then raging on the Continent, was carefully watched by military authorities. They gathered from his judicious management then that Garnet Wolseley was worthy of high employ, and so in that remote region he may be said to have won his spurs.

Any one who had prophesied fourteen years ago that military volunteers would start from the Canadian North-West for Egypt would have been laughed at. Yet the event has come to pass. At first sight Canada and Egypt seem most dissimilar countries, but in each country there are cataracts or rapids, and so Lord Wolseley judged that the men who helped his soldiers over the portages and rapids of North America might be of great use in Upper Egypt.

Hence the famous contingent of Canadian voyageurs for the Nile Expedition. The British Association excursionists accidentally fell in with them at Port Arthur, Lake Superior. They were going on board the Canadian Pacific Railway steamer *Algoma*, en route for Quebec. The men were very diverse in type, only a few of them being Indians. Many were simply young Englishmen, accustomed to Western life, who had joined. A letter in a local Winnipeg paper says:—"The honour has fallen on all classes of our people. Side by side with the men hardened to toil and exposure stands the professional man, trained Volunteer officer, city athlete, and clerk. Many of our leading families, social circles, and places of business are represented."—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. T. H. Thomas, 45, The Walk, Cardiff, who accompanied the British Association to Canada as our special artist.

WRECK OF H.M.S. "WASP"

THE north coast of Donegal, where this lamentable disaster occurred, is of a wild and rugged character, studded with numerous little islands, of which Tory Island is the most important. Bold headlands and precipitous cliffs render the coast very dangerous for navigation in stormy weather.

Tory Island is $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and one mile broad, and has a lighthouse on the north-west end, 122 feet above the sea level. Therock on which the *Wasp* struck is within forty yards of the lighthouse.

The *Wasp* was a composite screw gunboat of 461 tons and 470 horse power, and carrying four guns. She was set apart for special service about three months ago to proceed with Harbours and Fishery Commissioners to the different harbours and rivers where fishery and navigation statistics were being collected. Fortunately for themselves these gentlemen were left behind at Westport.

The *Wasp* left Westport at 6 A.M. on Sunday, September 21st, to convey the sheriff and constabulary party for eviction duty at Innis Strechall Island, Lough Foyle. On the following morning, about 4 A.M., she struck a reef on the north-west coast of Tory Island, and sank in about twenty fathoms of water. All on board save those on duty were in bed. After she struck the boats were being got ready for lowering, though even if they could have been placed securely on the water they would probably have been dashed to pieces. However, the chance was never afforded, for in a quarter of an hour the *Wasp* went down, fifty persons being drowned with her.

All the officers were drowned except the surgeon and the engineer, who were on leave at the time. Of the crew only six escaped, the cook, the quartermaster, the second captain of the fore-castle, an able seaman, and two privates of the Royal Marine Light Infantry. These men were not so much saved by any efforts of their own as providentially washed ashore. They were aided on landing by the lighthouse keeper and his helpers, who had heard with fearful distinctness the cries of the drowning men.

A Court Martial will of course be held to inquire into the cause of the disaster. It is alleged that for a sailing vessel (which the *Wasp* practically was at the time, as her fires were banked up, and she was trusting entirely to her canvas) she went too near in shore, when she should have given Tory Island a wide berth. The rock on which the *Wasp* struck lies about fifty yards from the iron-bound shore, and in front of it, further out to sea, there is another submerged rock known as Bullimore. The latter is marked on the chart, and between it and the shore steamers may and do pass. But a sailing ship, it is averred, should have stood outside Bullimore rock. No doubt the Court Martial will throw some light on these assertions.—Our engravings are from sketches by Rev. B. S. Tucker, Chaplain H.M.S. *Valiant*.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT IN INDIA

OUR illustrations are from photographs by Lieutenant-Colonel F. Brown Constable, Retired List, Plevna House, Mussoorie, and represent the Happy Valley, Mussoorie, where is situated Herne Hall, the residence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught during the hot season in the early part of this year. Mussoorie is a well-known hill station of Bengal, and a favourite resort of those who are fortunate enough to escape from the heat of the plains. In the general view of "Happy Valley" the road may be observed in the centre of the valley leading right across and up to a house on the right, where it circles to the right, and is lost to sight in the thick trees. The Duke's residence is about 100 yards further on. In the second illustration the residence itself is shown. On the right is a gate with two white pillars, with a pretty walk up to the house. A native policeman is always on guard at the gate.

A TROOPER OF THE FUTURE

OUR artist has here given the reins to his imagination. Still, it would be rash to assert that some of these queer "mounts" may not at some future date be realised. Lord Clyde or Lord Raglan would have been surprised if they had been told that heavily mailed locomotive railway engines would be utilised as a travelling battery, and yet this actually came to pass during the Egyptian Campaign of two years ago. Bicycles and tricycles may quite possibly be found available where pretty good roads exist. Of the merits of the zebra for equestrian purposes we are less sanguine. One reads of the wild ass of the desert, and thinks of their flying along at such lightning speed that they could give points to St. Simon, and beat that redoubtable youngster. But practical trial has been made of them in the Cape Colony, and they were found to be slow and rather obstinate creatures, in temper much like their unstriped cousins who are to be seen on Hampstead Heath, and at other pleasure resorts.

THE NILE EXPEDITION—DEPARTURE OF THE CAMEL CORPS

ON Thursday morning, September 25th, H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge inspected, at the Wellington Barracks, the various detachments of the Foot Guards forming part of the Camel Corps intended for service in Egypt. Officers and men were equipped in the special uniform of the Camel Corps. The men were armed with

rifles and sword-bayonets, and carried their cartridges in bandoliers, which, coupled with their helmets, caused them to bear a strong resemblance to the musketeers of the seventeenth century. His Royal Highness, after the inspection, made some interesting remarks to the troops. They were, he said, going to start on a peculiar service, but he felt quite sure that they were ready to do anything, even to ride on camels. A large part of the Army would be represented in the expedition they were to take part in; it was made up of volunteers from different regiments, and each of these detachments should do its utmost to sustain its regimental prestige.

The Duke then proceeded to Aldershot, for the purpose of seeing the portion of the Camel Corps which was stationed there, and which was to leave the camp that day for Portsmouth, to embark for Egypt. The troops in question were paraded about noon, and then marched to the Queen's Parade, North Camp. Here they were minutely inspected by the Duke of Cambridge, who then addressed them, wishing them success in the campaign upon which they were about to start. The detachments of some of the corps were armed with a short rifle, with sword bayonet, while others had the infantry rifle and bayonet. Some of the soldiers wore spurs on the ordinary ammunition boots.

While on the subject of uniforms, it may be mentioned that the detachment of the Royal Horse Guards from Windsor presented a highly serviceable appearance, the soldiers, some of whom wore Egyptian medals, being attired in blue tunics, with rolled cloaks, and a portion of their campaign equipment, consisting of pith helmets, white puggarees, and corduroy breeches.

The transports *Deccan* and *Australia* (which belong to the Peninsular and Oriental Company) arrived at Portsmouth on September 26th, and took up their berths alongside the South Railway Jetty in the Dockyard. On the following morning the embarkation of the Camel Corps and the drafts for conveyance to Alexandria took place.

Judging from the crowded state of the Railway Jetty, the interest attaching to the Camel Corps (which, as stated above, is exclusively composed of mounted and foot guards, and drafts from other crack regiments), was of a very exceptional kind.

The various contingents successively arrived from all parts of the kingdom. In all there were about 1,400 men, in charge of eighty officers. All were dressed alike in undress uniform, consisting of a loose red flannel tunic, corduroy knee breeches, serge leggings, white pith helmets, and puggarees. Each man carried a rather heavy burden in the shape of kit and accoutrement. The brown leather bandoliers, spoken of above, are belts, containing fifty sockets, in which as many rounds of ammunition are carried, and a rifle pocket, in which the butt of the rifle is secured. So far as the cavalry is concerned, the arming of the men with Martini-Henry rifles and bayonets in lieu of the carbine may be regarded as an innovation.

The whole embarkation was completed about 1 o'clock. By 3.30 the *Deccan* got under way, and her consort half an hour later. The scene was most animated. Not only was the fore-castle crowded with soldiers, but the waist of the ship and the shrouds were also taken possession of, while some adventurous heavy dragoons had contrived to scramble up into the masts.

The departure took place amid much cheering and enthusiasm, and with an interchange of flag salutations between the transports and the harbour fleet.

THE MEETING OF THE THREE EMPERORS

SKIERNIEWICE, where the recent meeting of the Emperors of Russia, Germany, and Austria took place, is a small town on the Warsaw-Vienna Railway, about an hour and a half's journey from Warsaw. The population is about 5,000, of whom half are Poles, and the other half Jews, there being but few Russians proper. The Imperial castle is a roomy, one-storeyed building, and admirably fitted up. The ground-floor apartments were allotted to the Austrian Emperor; the German Sovereign lodged on the first floor, where the Czar and Czarina also took up their abode. The Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch was quartered beneath, and the Ministers and suites were located in an adjoining building. The castle is built somewhat in the style of the Château of Laxenburg, near Vienna. The park extends round the castle for four miles.

The first of the Imperial guests to arrive was the Emperor of Austria. The Czar and M. de Giers were in waiting on the platform of a temporary railway station, to which purpose the Imperial theatre had been devoted for the occasion. The Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Vladimir, and his uncle, the Grand Duke Nicholas, were also in attendance, and, together with the Czar, out of compliment to the coming guest, wore the Austrian uniform. Close by were the Empress and her ladies, also wearing the Austrian colours. As soon as the train drew up, the Emperor of Austria, clad in Russian uniform, descended from his carriage, and was warmly embraced by the Czar. He then entered the Empress's carriage, and drove with her to the castle.

In the afternoon the German Emperor arrived, and the same ceremony was observed, the Czar and Grand Dukes wearing Prussian uniforms this time. This meeting has been described as most cordial and affectionate, the Czar saluting the Emperor William three times on his cheek with visible signs of emotion. In the evening there was a grand banquet, and next day the three Emperors held a parade of the two first battalions of the Russian regiments of Francis Joseph and William. This time all three Emperors were in Russian uniform respectively of the regiments which they nominally commanded—a dark green tunic, with yellow facings, and a black sheepskin cap. The weather was fine and hot, and the townspeople gathered in crowds outside the gates, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of the proceedings. The troops took up position in two double lines—the regiment of the German Emperor on the right of the Castle, and that of the Austrian Emperor on the left. The members of the three Imperial suites gathered round the portico while the colours were being saluted. Then General Gourko gave the word of command, the troops presented arms, and the three Emperors walked slowly out abreast—the Emperor William in the middle—and proceeded first down the left line—the regiment of which the Austrian Monarch is the titular chief. In the same way the three Emperors passed up the right line, the Emperor William's battalion—the German Emperor this time being next to the troops, the Austrian in the centre, and the Czar on the outside. The two battalions then moved round from the left and marched past the castle, each Emperor in line with the first rank leading his battalion. The Empress was present under the portico of the castle, together with the three Imperial suites, Count Kalnoky being in a blue Austrian uniform, and Prince Bismarck clad in his historic cuirassier garb.

In the afternoon a shooting party was organised for the Sovereigns, while the three Foreign Ministers proceeded to the business of the meeting and held a conference. While, however, the world has been bountifully informed of the Imperial festivities, what passed at this meeting of the three men who direct the destinies of Europe has been left to the imagination, and whether England is to be permitted to have Egypt, or France to be allowed to prosecute her policy of reprisals in the Far East, is still left a matter for profound speculation.

On September 17th the Imperial meeting came to an end, the Czar seeing his guests off at the railway station with all due ceremony.

Our illustrations are from instantaneous photographs. Those of the Czar awaiting the Emperor of Austria and of the parade of troops are by Mieczkowski, of Warsaw; and that of the arrival of the Emperor of Austria by Conrad, of Warsaw.

WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION—ON THE WAY TO THE ROCKIES

OUR sketches, by Mr. T. H. Thomas, depict a trip which a party of members of the British Association made to the Rocky Mountains after their labours at Montreal. First, however, we have to chronicle a reception of the members at Toronto, on September 5th, where, as at Quebec, the worthy citizens did their utmost to welcome their British guests, and to afford them all possible entertainment. Our artist writes:—"The reception of the British Association at the 'Queen City of the West' has been most hospitable and generous. Either by the special trains en route for the Rocky Mountains, or by other excursion trains, the Canadian Pacific Line carried over 300 members and their friends free of charge. Other visitors also arrived in great numbers. The hotels were crammed with guests, and the ante-rooms and corridors were filled with 'cots' to accommodate them. All the members were piloted by one or another of the Toronto Committee—first to the City Hall to the Mayor's reception, afterwards for a couple of hours' drive round the city, calling at the chief public institutions, and finally to the garden party given by the Hon. Beverley Robinson, the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, at his residence."

The special train carrying 160 members of the British Association to the Rocky Mountains continued its journey, on September 6th, to Owen's Sound, the port of embarkation of the Pacific Line steamer for Port Arthur. The building on the right of the sketch is a grain elevator, with remarkably complete and ingenious machinery. The brigantine is one of the vessels navigating the lake. There the passengers were transferred to the fine new steamer of the Canadian Pacific Company, which took them to Port Arthur, on the western side of Lake Superior. The railway company certainly strove to make the journey as pleasant as possible, running carriages of the best class, and Pullman cars for their guests' convenience. Nor was the accommodation on board the vessel any less hospitable. One of our sketches shows the *Alberta*, with the members on board, passing the lock of Sault St. Marie, between the Lakes Huron and Superior. The first canal between these two lakes, rendered necessary by the falls of St. Marie, was built in 1853-5, by a company, under a contract with the State of Michigan. The new canal was built by the United States Government at a cost of 1,400,000. It is free of all duties to the vessels of all nations. It is built of blocks of stone, 5 feet in length, all squared at the quarries. A channel beneath the whole length of the lock is pierced with apertures, and thus enables the water to enter without strain to the vessels to be lifted. The whole St. Marie Canal is a mile long, with one lock, 515 feet by 60 feet wide, admitting vessels of 16 feet draught, and receiving a rise of 18 feet. The *Alberta*, of 1,779 tons gross, and another lake steamer, also of large tonnage, passed the lock, leaving room for yet another vessel of smaller size. The whole of the machinery is worked by hydraulic power.

Port Arthur was reached on the morning of the 8th September. Close to Port Arthur was passed Thunder Cape. This promontory is nearly 1,500 feet high, and has a columnar appearance. As the members passed, the rock was enveloped in a rainy mist which, however, allowed all the principal points to be seen. The coast line from the Cape to Thunder Bay is exceedingly high, ranging at points to 1,000 or 1,200 feet. On Lake Superior were passed Garden River Settlement, of which the population, numbering 700 or 800, consists of Chippewa Indians, with a few Irish and Scotch immigrants. The Chippewas are Christianised, and show considerable industry and activity, many of them possessing property. There are Episcopal and Roman Catholic missions and Methodist churches in the settlement.

The other sketches show the character of the scenery on the lake, with here and there portions of the extensive line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in construction.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 351.

A VISIT TO INISHKEA

See page 353

AN IMPULSIVE GARDENER

THIS series of pictures tells its own tale, and should act as a warning to all elderly persons fond of horticultural pursuits who may be tempted to take the law into their own hands when their gardens are invaded. The hero of this series of misadventures should have stood upon his dignity and his years, and should have quietly remained in the porch, and, like a general of division, from that safe nook directed the operations against the enemy. His forces should have consisted of the gardener, and an active light-footed small boy or two. A judicious distribution of these troops would probably have resulted in the defeat and flight of the foe without damage to the flower-beds, which, in such Autumnal Manœuvres as these, is above all the contingency which one is most anxious to avoid.



LORD SALISBURY has been received with great enthusiasm by the Conservatives of Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire, and on Wednesday evening he delivered an elaborate address to a crowded assemblage in Glasgow. It betrayed no trace of a disposition on his part to accept any compromise short of the production of a Redistribution Bill before the House of Lords considered the Franchise Bill. Lord Salisbury's theory of the Government's procedure is that they wish to escape punishment for their many misdeeds by appealing from the constituencies which elected them to a new, impressionable, and inexperienced electorate. It was the duty of the House of Lords to prevent this, and the Prime Minister, wielding a temporary majority in the House of Commons, would become virtually despotic if the power of dissolution were left exclusively in his hands. To judge from Lord Salisbury's address at Glasgow, taken in conjunction with Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Scotland, the controversy between the Liberal majority in the House of Commons and the Conservative majority in the House of Lords will be fought out to the bitter end.

WITH THE RETURN OF MR. GLADSTONE FROM SCOTLAND, and of several prominent Liberal politicians from the Continent, some persons whose voices have not been heard for some time have been taking up their parable on the great domestic question of the day. At a political picnic given by his brother Mr. Chamberlain declined against the Conservative leaders, whom he charged with dishonesty in professing to approve of the principle of the Franchise Bill. Addressing, not his constituents at Bradford, but his neighbours at Otley, Mr. W. E. Forster argued that the Conservatives' desire to avert the settlement of distribution by the new and extended constituencies was unreasonable. Nothing was more just than that the new electors should have some say in determining the areas in which they were to vote. Mr. Forster spoke temperately of the action of the House of Lords, but avowed that in his opinion it needed to be reformed. Delivering at Blaydon one of those crisp

speeches which bear all the marks of careful preparation, Mr. Joseph Cowen treated the House of Lords with courtesy, as a venerable survival of the past, but said that if the question of a Second Chamber was raised he would give his vote for its abolition. At Dundee, while inveighing against the Peers, and suggesting that their resistance might be got rid of by the short and easy method of not summoning them to Parliament, Mr. Baxter expressed himself favourable to the existence of a Second Chamber constructed on something like the lines of the French Senate.—Of the counter-demonstrations of the week the most important have been a large gathering of the Conservative working men of Oldham, which was addressed by Lord Cranborne, Lord Salisbury's eldest son; another at Sunderland, under the auspices of the Primrose League; and that at Fairlight Hall, near Hastings, the grounds of which were thrown open by its Conservative owner.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL emulates Earl Cowper in seeking to earn the Beatitude of the Peacemakers by urging on Liberals and Conservatives reciprocal concessions and forbearance in the pending controversy. While pointing out to the Conservative Peers the danger involved in their present attitude towards the Franchise Bill, he tells the Liberals that they have little right to taunt the Conservatives with insincerity in a late acceptance of an extension of Household Suffrage to the counties, reminding them that Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet of 1868 was a long time in discovering the desirability of such an extension, and that, in fact, as a body they never adopted it at all.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been figuring in the novel part of champion of law and order and preserver of the public peace. He has refused to take part in the demonstration—to be followed by a torchlight procession on the Thames Embankment—in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords, which it was proposed to hold in Hyde Park on the evening of the meeting of Parliament, pronouncing it to be illegal and dangerous. At a meeting of delegates of political organisations of London working men held this week to organise the demonstration his protest was referred to, apparently not without effect, it being ultimately decided that the demonstration should be made, subsequently to the opening of Parliament, on the afternoon of Sunday, the 26th inst.

AT A TIME when, in view of increasing foreign complications, the condition of the Navy is exciting anxious attention, great importance attaches to the warnings and monitions which, at the annual meeting of his Company, this week, Sir William Armstrong addressed to the nation and its Government. Taking for his text the capabilities of the *Esmeralda*, which the Company has just constructed for the Brazilian Government, and which Sir William described as the swiftest and most powerfully-armed cruiser in the world, he pointed out the mischief that might be done in time of war to our commerce by such a vessel, incomparably superior as it is to cruisers of the *Alabama* type. More ironclads, for which there is at present a cry, are of little use, he said, for the protection of our world-wide commerce, compared with fast cruisers like the *Esmeralda*, and yet the number we possess of them is insignificant relatively to that of the ships to be protected and the extent of ocean to be covered. Then, as regards the cost, the money spent on one first-class ironclad would provide us with many swift and powerful cruisers, which would never be out of date, as ironclads often are soon after construction, and which from their speed and handiness can ram and use torpedoes even better than ironclads. It is possible that this speech of so great an authority on such a subject may give quite a new turn to the discussion now proceeding on our naval deficiencies.—Already, when addressing on Wednesday a Conservative gathering at Newport, Mr. W. H. Smith, pronouncing our Navy to be inadequate, laid stress on the necessity for fast cruisers enough to make it impossible for the cruisers of the enemies to keep the seas.

VISCOUNT ENFIELD has been gazetted Lord Lieutenant of Middlesex.

ALTHOUGH THE SAD DEATH of the late Hon. G. Leigh, Liberal M.P. for South Warwickshire, was of course unexpected, yet as he had given notice some time ago that it was not his intention to seek re-election, both parties are prepared with candidates. Colonel Clifton Brown, who in the last Parliament represented Horsham, and Lord William Compton, will contest the division in the Liberal interest; and Mr. Sampson S. Lloyd, who in the last Parliament represented Plymouth, is to be the Conservative candidate.

AT THE BANQUET given by the Wolverhampton Chamber to the Associated Chambers of Commerce, which has been holding its annual meeting in that town, one of the speakers was Mr. H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, who referred with some asperity to the decline of British trade in the region of the Congo through the inaction of the Government and the action of the Portuguese. In various parts of Africa, he said, there seemed an effort on the part of England to "disgorge herself of her trade."

PRESIDING AT THE ANNUAL DINNER of the Royal Arsenal Association, Sir Frederick Abel, Professor of Chemistry to the War Department, spoke of the torpedo as a diabolical instrument, which he wished had never been created, for it was a sneaking, underhand weapon, and its power for mischief was terrible, cruel, and unsparing. He feared that although comparatively little harm had yet been done by it, it was destined to play fearful havoc in the wars of the future. Among the speakers was Colonel Maitland, of the Royal Gun Factories, who said that the Enfield Factory had produced the finest rifle in the world, which he hoped soon to see adopted, and that the Royal Gunpowder Works were in the throes of bringing forth a powder which would be as near perfection as gunpowder could well be.

THE COMPARATIVE HARMONY of the proceedings at the election of Lord Mayor this week contrasted agreeably with the angry excitement of last year, when the Court of Aldermen gave the preference to the now retiring Lord Mayor over the favourite candidate of the Livery. This week they confirmed the choice of the Livery by electing Mr. Alderman Nottage, who is Master of the Carpenters' Company, and proprietor of the establishments known as those of the London Stereoscopic Company. The new Lord Mayor is a Liberal, as well as a Churchman, but in his speech just after being elected he declared it to be his intention to defend the rights and privileges of the City Corporation, so that Sir William Harcourt gains nothing by the change.

ACCORDING TO A REPORT just issued by the Paddington Vestry, the rates in that parish had increased from 2s. 1d. in the pound in 1856, to 4s. in 1883. Of this last amount, the expenditure of only about a third was under the control of the Vestry.

SCARLET FEVER is becoming endemic in London during the autumn months. It is the cause of no fewer than 2,500 deaths annually in the metropolis, and there are probably ten times as many persons attacked by a disease which, even when not fatal, is often followed by most injurious results, bodily and mental. In order to check its ravages by bestowing the means of isolation on those who cannot provide it for themselves, the Metropolitan Asylums Board at its last meeting accepted a tender for 79,000*l.* to erect a Convalescent Scarlet Fever Asylum at Winchmore Hill.

THE STREET COLLECTIONS on Hospital Saturday will, it is expected, be found to amount to about 2,800*l.*, which, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, would be 500*l.* more than last year. It is in contemplation to alter the date of Hospital Saturday from early in September to late in July.

IT ALMOST SEEMS as if there was something in the air of the

fashionable watering-places of the South Coast to make either the Salvationists more provokingly demonstrative, or their opponents more irritable. The feud between the soldiers of the Salvationist and the Skeleton armies has now extended from Worthing, Brighton, and Eastbourne to Hastings. In reply to a very numerous signed memorial of Worthing ratepayers and others, asking the Town Council to put a stop to the processions of these spiritual and physical militants, they were informed that the Council had no legal power to comply with the request. It seems high time that such a power were conferred on local authorities wherever these scandalous disturbances are threatened.

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD contradicts the report that in consequence of the boycotting of his hounds he intends to sell his Curraghmore estate and to sever his connection with Ireland. The contradiction will have been welcomed by his tenants, who were lamenting the prospect of losing one of the best landlords in Ireland.

LORD SPENCER'S OFFER to abate 600*l.* of the extra police tax for Limerick, referred to in this column last week, was referred to a Committee of the Corporation, which has reported against a voluntary payment of a single farthing of the tax. To-day, Saturday, was fixed by the Lord Lieutenant for the execution of his threat to make the Town Council levy the tax if they refused to impose it without compulsion.

THE ORATORY AT THE LOCAL MEETINGS OF THE NATIONAL LAND LEAGUE continues to be as violent as ever, but the attendance at them is meagre enough to elicit expressions of dissatisfaction from the orators. At a Nationalist meeting this week Mr. O'Brien complained that since the palmy days of the Land League "the people here, for some unaccountable reason, let their energies in the national cause flag, and seemed to have lost their old spirit of resistance to injustice."

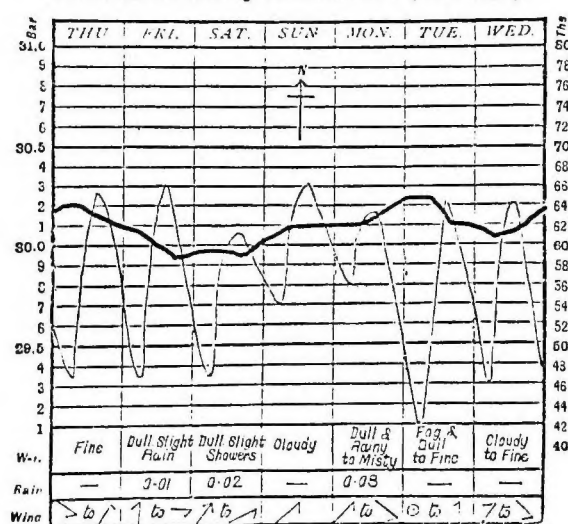
AN ATTEMPT as wicked as it was foolish has been made to blow up with dynamite the Council Chamber at Salisbury. The explosion tore away a portion of the moulding of the building, and shattered its principal window. The remains of a canister and of a white substance were found on the scene of the outrage.

THE LATEST PRODUCT of the rage for memorials is the proposal for the erection at Chelsea of one to William Woodfall, the proprietor, printer, and manager, in fact, what would now be called the editor, as well as partner with his father in the ownership of the *Public Advertiser*, in which the "Letters of Junius" appeared. One of the reasons given for thus honouring the memory of Woodfall is a singular one. It is that he "kept a secret," namely, of the authorship of "Junius." It is very doubtful, however, whether in this matter Woodfall had a secret to keep, and knew more of the authorship of "Junius" than any one else, or, in fact, knew as much of it as some of his contemporaries. Woodfall's eldest son, who survived until 1844, told Mr. Parkes (the "Joe" Parkes of first Reform Bill celebrity), Sir Philip Francis's assiduous biographer, that his father once said very emphatically, "To my certain knowledge Francis never wrote a single line of 'Junius.'" And Woodfall's daughter told Mr. Parkes "she was certain that her father was altogether ignorant of the authorship of the 'Junius' letters."

THERE HAS BEEN A COLLISION near Lisbon between two British steamers, the *Bushire*, from Cardiff for Bassora, and the *Bernina*, from Barcelona to Cardiff. The *Bushire* sank almost immediately, fifteen of the crew were drowned, and ten of them, with the captain and mate, were saved.

OUR OBITUARY records the death of Lady Adelaide Beresford-Peirse, sister of the Earl of Bandon, in her thirty-eighth year; of Sir R. S. A. Levinge, Bart., from 1857 to 1865 M.P. for County Westmeath, and author of "Historical Records of the Forty-Third Regiment," among other works, in his seventy-third year; of Mr. T. Vaughan Richards, Q.C., very suddenly, in his sixty-third year; of Colonel C. H. Barnes, of dysentery, at Cairo, where he commanded the Artillery, an officer who had distinguished himself in the Indian Mutiny Campaigns; of the Rev. T. F. Simmons, Canon of York, formerly an officer in a Hussar regiment, a contributor to the literature of Church politics, and described as so thoroughly conversant with the law of his original profession as to have been often consulted by the authorities on points of military jurisprudence; of the Rev. A. R. Ward, Vicar of St. Clement, Cambridge, an enthusiastic lover of cricket, and for thirty years President and Treasurer of the University Cricket Club; and of Mr. W. P. Griffith, architect, author of several works on the archaeology of architecture, the restorer of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, and of St. Sepulchre, Holborn.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM SEPTEMBER 25 TO OCTOBER 1 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the past week the weather over the British Islands has been in a changeable and showery condition generally, with high winds in the west and north. This state of affairs has been caused by a series of depressions skirting our north-western coasts in a northerly or north-easterly direction, together with one or two of their subsidaries, which moved eastwards over our more southern counties. Over the more north-western and western districts cloudy skies, with rain, occurred almost daily, but at the extreme south-eastern parts of the United Kingdom very fair weather was experienced, the rainfall in these latter districts being comparatively trifling. The winds have blown chiefly from the south-westward and westward, and have been of moderate strength at most places, but in the north and west they have occasionally attained the force of a strong gale. Temperature has continued high for the season, the thermometer on Monday (29th ult.) registering 69° at York, 68° at Spurn Head, 67° at Shields, Oxford, Cambridge, and Yarmouth, and 66° in London. The barometer was highest (30.23 inches) on Tuesday (30th ult.); lowest (29.93 inches) on Friday (26th ult.); range, 0.30 inches. Temperature was highest (66°) on Sunday (28th ult.); lowest (42°) on Tuesday (30th ult.); range, 24°. Rain fell on three days. Total amount, 0.11 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.03 inches, on Monday (29th ult.)



A GAME OF CHESS BY TELEPHONE has been played this week between Bradford and Wakefield. The length of the wire used was twenty-five miles, and Bradford won the match in four hours.

THE HEALTH EXHIBITION closes definitively on Thursday, October 30. Cheap excursions are now being run from Southern England to enable provincials to visit the Exhibition at a trifling cost.

BELGIAN ARTISTS have organised an Independent School of Painting, like their Impressionist Parisian brethren of the brush. The first "Salon des Independants" is to be opened shortly in Brussels, in opposition to the regular Triennial Salon now being held.

THE PARIS LUXEMBOURG MUSEUM of Modern Paintings will only occupy its old quarters for a few weeks longer. The Orangery in the Tuileries Gardens is nearly ready to receive the pictures, so that the Luxembourg may be entirely devoted to Governmental purposes.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS FOR THE PROTECTION OF LITERARY AND ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT is holding its seventh session at Brussels. When welcoming the delegates, the Belgian Agricultural Minister promised to introduce in the next Session of the Belgian Legislature a Bill to protect authors' rights and literary property.

THE EVILS OF MENTAL OVER-PRESSURE ON HUNGRY SCHOOL CHILDREN which have lately been so warmly discussed, have aroused the benevolent to fresh efforts on behalf of the underfed little ones. Thus during the coming winter the Leicester Square Refuge and Soup Kitchen, Ham Yard, intends to provide penny dinners for the poor school children of the neighbourhood.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE MOON this (Saturday) evening will last exactly five and a-half hours. The first contact with the penumbra, or lighter part of the earth's shadow, takes place at 7.15 p.m., and cannot be seen without a telescope: but the eclipse will be plainly visible to the naked eye soon after the moon enters the umbra, or darker shadow, at 8.15. The last contacts with the umbra and penumbra occur respectively at 11.49 and 12.47.

FRESH BALLOON-STEERING EXPERIMENTS have been made in Paris with fair success. Whilst Captains Reynard and Krebs are considering the recent failure of their cigar air-ship, the well-known aeronauts, MM. Gaston and Albert Tissandier, have tried their particular invention, which consists of an ordinary shaped balloon, worked by a Siemens' dynamo and a screw. So far, this balloon has been able to make satisfactory headway against a contrary current, but its progress is very slow.

A PURE WATER SUPPLY seems almost a more hopeless ideal across the Atlantic than in England. The unlucky inhabitants of Newark and Jersey City, New Jersey, find their drinking water mingled with arsenic, carbolic acid, petroleum, and other chemicals from factories on the river banks, besides the usual contamination of sewage, and, weary of protests, they put up with the unwholesome mixture. But the last straw has just been added in the shape of a public dog pound on the river bank, where seventy-five dogs have been buried close to the water's edge. This has thoroughly stirred up the people, and a hotly-fought law suit is proceeding.

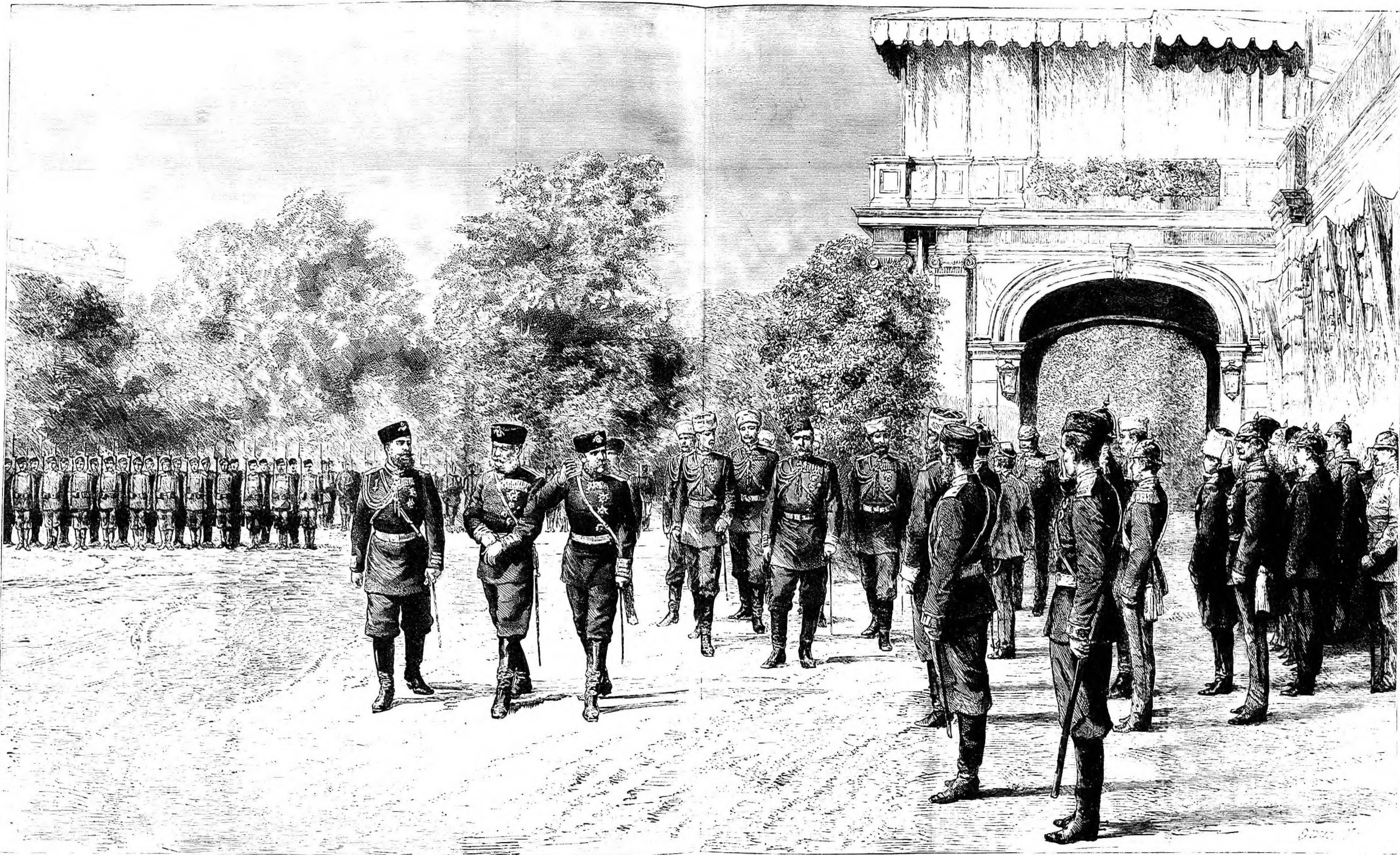
YET ANOTHER ATTEMPT to SHOOT NIAGARA FALLS is in prospect, and this time the experiment will be tried in very novel form. A fresco painter from Buffalo intends shortly to go over the Falls in a "rubber ball," hermetically sealed, and filled with sufficient compressed air to last the inmate for ten minutes. He expects that the ball will receive sufficient impetus while in the rapids to hurl it out far into the river, where a boat will be in waiting, and he proposes to undergo this hazardous experience for the trifling wage of 20*l.* The ball is to be 15 feet in diameter, and made of rubber three-quarters of an inch thick, covered with closely-braided tarred rope so as to protect it from the sharp rocks.

CHURCH AND STAGE RELATIONS IN FRANCE have altered strangely since the days when actors were refused religious burial, and when, even early in the present century, indignation riots took place at the funeral of two actresses in the church of St. Roch, Paris. Now the clergy of this identical church formally invited the whole company of the Théâtre Français to attend a special Mass on Wednesday, commemorating the bicentenary of Corneille's death. Corneille was buried in St. Roch, probably in the Lady Chapel behind the High Altar, which was the usual resting-place for celebrated people who had no vault of their own in the church. The great author's family were too poor to pay either for a monument or for an epitaph, so that some doubt exists as to the actual site of his burial, but it is generally believed that Corneille's bones rest under a large black marble slab opposite the altar in the Virgin's Chapel.

LONDON MORTALITY again decreased last week, and 1,243 deaths were registered, against 1,373 during the previous seven days, a decline of 130, being 159 below the average, and at the rate of 16.1 per 1,000, a lower rate than has been registered in any week since September, 1881. These deaths included 90 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 36), 3 from choleraic diarrhoea and cholera (an increase of 1), 10 from small-pox (a rise of 1), 12 from measles (an increase of 1), 26 from scarlet fever (a rise of 3), 14 from diphtheria (a decline of 8), 15 from whooping-cough (a fall of 12), 18 from enteric fever (a rise of 2), and 162 from diseases of the respiratory organs (a decline of 8, and 57 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths. 45 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 19 from fractures or contusions, 4 from burns or scalds, 9 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 8 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,571 births registered, against 2,604 during the previous week, being 56 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 56.3 degrees, and 0.3 degrees above the average.

THE FEMINE MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION seem to have made a most favourable impression during their late visit to Canada and the United States. Thus an outspoken criticism in the *New York Tribune* affords an interesting Transatlantic view of English women. The writer states that "these English women have appeared to much better advantage than the men, whose manners, it must be confessed, are open to grave criticism. The chief physical characteristic of the women is their fine healthy glow of colour, betokening good health and outdoor life. They are, with few exceptions, taller and larger than American women, and have a more vigorous look and carriage. If their faces show less delicacy of expression and fewer refinements of features, and if their voices are noticeably of greater volume, their erect figures, strong colouring, and vigorous gait are compensating advantages. Their voices are seldom low and musical, and, although not pitched high, are loud and strong. They are good walkers, taking a pace on the streets which would leave their American sisters far in the rear. They dress sensibly for excursions and morning walks, and in the evenings richly and with simplicity, rather than with ostentatious display. In manner they are charmingly frank and gracious, their politeness seeming to have a deeper source in the heart than the formal 'Beg pardon' and 'Thank you' which are constantly on the lips of Englishmen."

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA EMPEROR OF GERMANY EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA



MEETING OF THE THREE EMPERORS AT SKIERNIEWICE, POLAND—THE CZAR LEADING THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA PAST THE RUSSIAN REGIMENTS OF WHICH THEY ARE TITULAR COLONELS

FROM AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH



As anticipated, the new phase of the financial situation in EGYPT has at once produced energetic protests from the chief European Powers. France, Germany, Austria, and Russia forthwith presented Identical Notes to the Cairo Government, strongly denouncing the suspension of the Sinking Fund as a flagrant breach of the Law of Liquidation, reserving the rights of creditors, and declaring the measure null and void. Italy followed suit later, but in much milder terms, for, though she condemns the decree, she does not actually put it aside. Her temperance in the matter has therefore freshly roused French and German ire, as ever since the London Conference both nations have owed Italy a grudge for leaning towards England. However, the British Cabinet have informed the other Governments that they consider the suspension of the Fund perfectly justifiable under the circumstances, to which the Powers again reply that they deem the step quite illegal. Now we hear that the Commissioners of the Debt will arraign the Egyptian Government before the Mixed Tribunals, and that the London Conference may shortly reassemble; but for the present it seems unlikely that the Powers will do more than enter their formal protest, being inclined to wait for England to propose further decisive and effectual financial reforms. General Continental opinion regards the situation as very strained, and France is particularly violent on the subject, urging combined action with her old hereditary foe, Germany, to oppose British policy in Egypt. Both the French and the Teutonic Press speak authoritatively of the two countries' alliance; and a Paris journal, indeed, affirms that the Five Great Powers have entered into a "League of Neutrals," which is not only aimed against England in Egypt, but is to promote mutual good relations in Western Africa. France hints energetically, too, at the restoration of Ismail Pasha—a view shared by Austria, although the ex-Khedive himself, when interviewed, studiously disavowed all such schemes. Naturally, in Egypt itself, the suspension is very popular among the natives, especially as the Treasury has already profited by the measure to the amount of 65,000*l.*, which will probably increase to 350,000*l.* by the assigned date, October 25. Lord Northbrook's influence and zeal are highly lauded, and the English Commissioner is now busy inspecting prisons and law courts, and, after a trip to Upper Egypt, will probably leave for home at the end of the month.

Military preparations for the Nile Expedition continue with unflagging zeal, for, notwithstanding that apparently authentic news has been received from General Gordon, showing that he is in a more favourable situation than at first supposed, it is evident that prompt relief is sorely needed. According to an interesting series of despatches from the *Times* correspondent at Khartoum, ranging from April 28 to July 31, provisions were only expected to last until September 30, while for months past ordinary cash was altogether lacking, and General Gordon had been obliged to issue paper money. The defenders' courage had been raised by the news of a British relief expedition, but they nevertheless foresaw that unless the English came in time, or the siege were raised by the enemy, they were not strong enough to cut their way out when supplies failed. Constant fighting continued daily, several of Gordon's most trustworthy native supporters being killed, while many of the troops were very unreliable. All the British in Khartoum were well, and Colonel Stewart had recovered from his wounds. These final despatches are about the same date as Gordon's last communication. Lord Wolseley has now gone to the front, and troops and supplies are rapidly being forwarded, though disheartening accidents and difficulties constantly occur. Thus one nugger has been upset and two of the crew drowned, another caught fire, only escaping with the loss of her ammunition, while the unlucky *Nassif Kheir* has again nearly been smashed in the cataracts. Other small steamers, however, have managed to get past successfully, while the Nile has slightly risen. Meanwhile the rebels give no sign of life, and the tribes discreetly become more and more friendly as the British force advances.

FRANCE is in hourly expectation of decisive news from CHINA. Admiral Courbet, duly provided with the reinforcements, was to leave his Matsou anchorage on Tuesday for his unknown destination, where the long-awaited decisive blow was to be struck. It is generally believed that Kelung is his goal, and that he will also occupy various points to the north of Formosa, the Admiral intending to fully carry out reprisals, notwithstanding the alleged desire of China to treat for peace. Indeed, the French consider that his success may favourably influence the negotiations which, it is asserted, are now going on between the French Minister at Berlin and the Celestial Envoy to the German Court; for M. Patenôtre having broken off relations with the Chinese Court, no negotiations are now possible at Shanghai. Be this matter as it may, M. Ferry intends to ask the Chambers for a further 600,000*l.* to defray additional operations in China, thus bringing the total cost of the Tonkin troubles to 3,600,000*l.*, while the Viceroy of Canton bids the Chinese people fight against the French, but not to excite themselves against foreigners in general. This mischief, however, is already done. Feeling against Europeans runs dangerously high in Hong Kong, where trade already suffers from the dubious state of affairs. The British colony are dissatisfied with the strength of the protecting English squadron in Chinese waters, while there is great irritation against the French for searching two British trading vessels in the Formosa channel on suspicion of carrying war material for the Chinese. At home the French are no better contented with the long suspense, and weariness begins to give place to positive irritation.

Thus unless matters mend M. Ferry will not have an easy task when he meets the Chambers on the 14th inst. Moreover, apart from foreign troubles, there are plenty of domestic difficulties to occupy Parliamentary attention. The Budget is backward and not very promising, the Ministerial scheme for re-modelling Senatorial elections must be dealt with immediately, or it will be too late to influence the triennial renovation of the Senate in January next, while General Camponon's Colonial Army Bill is likely to be hotly discussed as entailing largely increased expenditure. And another burning question of the day is the bad state of French trade in the South. Thousands are out of work at Lyons, and the operatives there have held very stormy meetings, and are going to send delegates to interview the Paris Government. In the midst of this distress there has been a huge fire at St. Nazaire, throwing 500 men out of employment. The PARIS Press, still bent on England-baiting, gleefully comments on the state of the British navy, as revealed by her own officials and journals, and reminds Britannia that she no longer rules the waves supreme as in former years, but must now reckon with other nations. They owe English journals another grudge for pointing out the present bad sanitary condition of Paris, which, notwithstanding the stereotyped bulletin that "The public health is excellent," is now causing a most serious typhoid epidemic. No wonder either, considering the state of the Seine at Clichy and St. Denis, where the water is most filthy. More amusing themes are the squabbles of Madame Sarah Bernhardt and her theatrical creditors, and the production of a successful piece at the Odéon, *Le Mari*, by MM. Nus and Arnould. The

bi-centenary of Corneille was kept on Wednesday with great solemnity. As Corneille was buried at St. Roch, the clergy specially invited the company of the Théâtre Français to a grand requiem mass, which was also attended by a large number of literary people, while the author's monument was covered with laurel wreaths. On their side, the Comédie Française kept the anniversary by a memorial performance of *Polyeucte*.

Down in the South the cholera still lingers, and is again more fatal in Marseilles. Moreover, the epidemic is so far serious in Algeria that those troops who have served their time are not to come home for fear of spreading infection. But in ITALY matters are really mending, and at Naples the latest bulletin announces 136 new cases and 57 deaths on Tuesday. Genoa now seems to bear the chief brunt of the malady, thanks, it is said, to some infected linen having been washed in the stream supplying the city, and the neighbouring townships are seriously affected, particularly San Pier d'Arena. In other provinces the situation is more satisfactory, especially at Spezia, while the King's good example has aroused all classes to show courage and energy, the clergy working with untiring zeal and fearlessness. Every preparation has been made for the Pope's proposed hospital in the Lateran, which has twice before served this purpose. The present cholera visitation at Naples is far more severe than the last, in 1873, which cost 1,280 victims throughout the whole four months' epidemic, while up to now alone 5,500 persons have died. SPAIN grows more hopeful, as the disease does not spread alarmingly, and probably the vexatious quarantine precautions may shortly be considerably relaxed.

AUSTRIA has eagerly awaited the Imperial Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Hungarian Parliament, expecting some reference to the late meeting of the Three Emperors at Skiernevice. But, contrary to precedent, the Emperor never alluded to the subject, and though he dwelt emphatically on the German alliance, he spoke no more warmly of Russia than of any other nation. This omission, therefore, is generally construed to mean that no Triple Alliance was re-formed at Skiernevice, but that the Austro-German bond is stronger than ever. The Emperor also mentioned the reform of the Upper House, and dealt especially with intended repressive measures against Anarchism. Great enthusiasm was shown to His Majesty during his Pesth visit, especially when he opened the new Opera House, which has been constructed at his own cost as a gift to the city.

In GERMANY the Emperor has concluded his Rhenish tour, and settled down quietly at Baden-Baden, where the Imperial Family have celebrated the Empress's seventy-third birthday. On their way to Baden the Emperor and Empress went to Cologne to inaugurate the new quarters of the city—broad, handsome streets and boulevards, which contrast strongly with the old portion—and to inspect the formidable chain of fresh fortifications. The town kept high holiday, and the rejoicings were repeated at Coblenz, when Emperor William unveiled a statue of his old companion in arms, General von Goeben. Like his master, Prince Bismarck is still ruralising, but he has been consulting at Friedrichsruhe with the representatives of the chief Hamburg firms connected with the West African trade, whom he invited to explain their views regarding the best organisation of the new German colonies. Further, he is reported to be negotiating with France and England to arrange friendly relations between the respective nationalities on this fresh ground for Teutonic enterprise. A squadron of four vessels leaves shortly for the West African coast.

In INDIA the Afghan Boundary Commission is now fairly on its way, and has found the Beloochistan Desert so far favourable that ample supplies and water are forthcoming, while as the ground is accessible for infantry part of the cavalry escort has been sent back. The Commission travels from Nushki in three separate columns. Both British and Russian Commissioners expect to meet at Helmund by November 13th, while Sir P. Lumsden has been most cordially received by the Shah of Persia, who promised him every assistance on his way to the rendezvous. Probably little work will be done at first, owing to the snowy weather. The Zhob Valley Expedition has not begun so well, for already forty-nine soldiers have been sent back invalided. Altogether, military matters greatly occupy Indian attention just now, as besides considering the future of time-expired European soldiers the Government is planning how best to employ discharged natives. It is proposed accordingly that native soldiers of good character shall be assisted to railway and other civil occupations. Thus, not only would this plan render military service more attractive as ensuring permanent employment, but it would create a trustworthy Native Reserve. Although fair rain has fallen, relieving much anxiety in Madras and Bengal, matters are still very bad in the Beerbhoom district of the latter province, and the Government relief works are hardly adequate to the prevailing distress. As usual unpleasant news comes from BURMAH. There has been a serious outbreak at Mandalay gaol, where the troops were called out, and 300 persons killed before order was restored.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the excitement in BELGIUM concerning the new Education Act has considerably calmed down outwardly, and the Liberals urge their followers to respect the law, instead of imitating the factious example of the Catholics under similar circumstances. They are, however, busily devising means to oppose the Act and influence the coming Communal elections; while an enthusiastic meeting at the Brussels Bourse endorsed the Burgomaster's conduct, and presented him with his own bust. Meanwhile the police are closely watching all foreigners who are suspected of fomenting the agitation.—In RUSSIA serious riots have occurred at Kieff during the Jubilee of the University. As only a small portion of students were allowed to join in the proceedings, the remainder gathered in wrath, and, aided by a large mob, assaulted the visitors, bombarded the Rector's house, and raised the whole town. Troops at last restored order, many persons being wounded, and some 350 rioters were arrested. Kieff is now under strict law; while St. Petersburg is bitterly disappointed that her state of siege has been prolonged for another year, the Nihilists still being deemed too dangerous for precautions to be relaxed.—Anarchists now meet with short shrift in SWITZERLAND, whence they are being expelled on all sides.—In HOLLAND the Constitutional Revision proposition obtains general favour, and, having passed the Lower Chamber, now goes to the Upper House.—The Liberal party has now gained the upper hand in SWEDEN, through the recent elections, which place them on an equally powerful footing with their fellow-subjects in Norway.—The UNITED STATES are entirely given up to the Presidential fray. So far Mr. Blaine is having it all his own way in a triumphal stumping tour through the States of New York, Ohio, and Indiana, and, besides delivering plentiful orations himself, possesses a first lieutenant who speaks with true Gladstonian activity. The Democrats, however, are not idle in Ohio, and, though Governor Cleveland remains in the shade, the Vice-Presidential candidate keeps the party well in view.—The International Prime Meridian Conference is sitting at Washington, in order to decide upon a universal meridian.—NEW SOUTH WALES proposes to construct 1,490 fresh miles of railways, at a cost of fourteen millions sterling.—In SOUTH AFRICA the condition of Bechuanaland and the encroachments of the Boers have aroused warm indignation throughout Cape Colony, and large meetings have been held in protest, while a monster petition to the Queen is being organised. Mr. Joubert has resigned all his offices in the Transvaal, on the plea that he disapproves the annexation of Montsioa's territory, but it is suspected that this step is only preparatory to assuming the Presidency of the new Zulu Republic.



THE Royal gathering in the Highlands is beginning to disperse, for, although the Queen will remain at Balmoral until November, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have left, while the Prince and Princess of Wales come south next week. Her Majesty has been visiting her neighbours, and has called on Colonel Byng at Abergeldie Mains, and on Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld, the latter officer, with the Marquis of Hartington, joining the Royal party at dinner on Saturday night. Next morning Divine Service was performed, at Balmoral, by the Rev. A. Campbell, before the Queen and Royal Family, and afterwards Her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany went to Abergeldie, to see the Prince and Princess of Wales. In the evening Lord Hartington and Count Herbert Bismarck dined with the Queen, while on Monday Her Majesty drove to the Dantzig Shiel, where the Princesses Beatrice and Irene joined the Queen on horseback.

The Prince of Wales returned to Abergeldie on Saturday night from a most successful shooting visit to Lord Fife at Mar Lodge. One day's stalking produced nine stags, seven falling to the Prince's own rifle, and a grand torchlight dance was held at night before Mar Lodge, when the deer were brought home. Before leaving the Prince was photographed with Lord Fife, and also when deer stalking in Mar Forest. This week the Prince has been shooting with Colonel Farquharson at Invercauld, while the Princess and her daughters have been out fishing frequently of late. On returning south the Prince and Princess commence a round of visits. While staying with Lord and Lady Hastings at Melton Constable, they will go to Norwich on the 15th inst., to attend a morning performance of the Festival, and to inspect the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital. In November they will stay with Madame de Falbe and the Danish Minister at Luton Hoo, Hertford, and on December 18 they go to Witley Court, Worcester, to spend a few days with Lord and Lady Dudley. Princes Albert Victor and George will publish this autumn an account of their tour round the world in the *Bacchante*.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh stayed Saturday night in York, and after attending Divine Service at the Cathedral on Sunday, left to visit Mr. Christopher Sykes at Brantingham Thorpe. They spent Monday privately at Hull, where they took a short trip down the Humber with the Mayor and Mayoress in the steam yacht *Alcega*, and inspected the docks and the training ship *Southampton*. On Wednesday they visited Hull in State, opened a bazaar in aid of the Seamen's and General Orphans' Home, laid the foundation stone of the new wing of the Infirmary, and were entertained by the Mayor at a grand banquet. They left shortly afterwards for London, where they were joined by their children, and were expected at Eastwell on Thursday. An elaborate reception is being prepared for the Duke and Duchess when they go to Chatham on Wednesday to launch the new ironclad *Rodney*.—The Duke and Duchess of Connaught start this week on their tour in Cashmere. They were expected at Murree on Wednesday, to spend two days with the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and after the Duke has visited Peshawur and the Khyber Pass, they go straight to Cashmere, returning thence *via* Jummoo.

The two youngest daughters of the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany have gone home from the Isle of Wight, travelling from Cowes to Flushing in the *Osborne*.—The Crown Prince of Sweden has joined his wife at Eastbourne, where the Prince and Princess have visited the Art, Science, and Sanitary Association Exhibition. The Prince was in London on Monday, and went to the Lyceum Theatre.—The ex-Empress Eugénie has been staying in Paris for a few days, with the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, preserving the strictest *incognito*.



THE CHURCH CONGRESS was opened on Tuesday at Carlisle by the Bishop of the Diocese with an address marked by his usual good sense and moderation of tone. Referring to the plurality of schools of thought in the Church of England, Bishop Goodwin said that he saw no necessary evil in it. If we have thought in any sense of the world, we must have diversities of thought. Absolute unanimity is not possible in a congress of men; it can only be realised in that perfect unity of utterance which distinguishes the cackling of a congress of geese.

THE FIRST DISCUSSION in the CONGRESS HALL arose out of a paper read by the Bishop of Bedford on the duty of the Church with regard to the overcrowded dwellings of the poor in town and country, in the course of which he remarked that a Church which taught about another world, but did not seem to take much interest in this one, would embrace within its fold only a limited number of the working class.—In the afternoon a discussion on popular literature and infidelity was opened in a speech of remarkable breadth by the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon, Head Master of Dulwich College. Dealing with some of the points on which Secularists were at issue with the Church, he said it would be unreasonable on the part of the Church to insist upon a literal and uncompromising acceptance of the early Biblical narratives, such as those of the Creation, the primitive state of man, and the Deluge.

WITH THE ACHIEVEMENT of their Independence by the American colonies the Episcopal body in the United States required bishops of their own, and a Bishop-Elect of that Communion came to the Mother Country to be consecrated. But his consecration in England was obstructed by the legal necessity that he should take the oath of allegiance to the Crown. The difficulty did not exist in Scotland, the Episcopal Church in which was unconnected with the State, and Senbury, the American Bishop-Elect, was consecrated by Scottish Episcopal prelates at Aberdeen. After the close of the meetings of the Church Congress at Carlisle, the first centenary of the consecration of Bishop Senbury is to be suitably celebrated at Aberdeen. Several of the American Bishops will be present on the interesting occasion.

THE BISHOP OF SALISBURY, having appointed Bishop Kelly to be his Commissary, Dr. Moberly's long-talked resignation of his See is now regarded as imminent.

THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL contradicts the statement that, being unable to discharge his episcopal duties during the ensuing Session of Parliament in consequence of his enforced attendance in it as Chaplain of the House of Lords, they are to be discharged while he is absent in London by his "Suffragan," Bishop Hellmuth. Bishop Hellmuth is not Suffragan Bishop of Liverpool, and holds no official position in that Diocese, although he undertook confirmations in it some months ago consequently on Dr. Ryle's summons to the House of Lords. The Bishop of Liverpool sees nothing to prevent him from discharging all his episcopal duties himself during the autumn

Session, and he expects that with next year an arrangement will be made by which the duty of reading prayers in the House of Lords will be equally shared by all the occupants of the Bench of Bishops, instead of, as at present, being devolved on one only.

MR. HOLLAND'S ACT OF LAST SESSION for preventing the erection of buildings on disused burial grounds, whether consecrated or unconsecrated, is useful so far as it goes, but apparently it falls considerably short of the necessities of the case. A newspaper correspondent, who has carefully inspected its provisions, is of opinion that it applies only to burial grounds closed before 1852, and thus may possibly be accounted for the otherwise surprising fact that the Charity Commissioners have just given notice of their intention to issue an order for the sale of a Nonconformist chapel and burial ground in Mill Yard, Whitechapel, and the appropriation of the proceeds to the erection of a new chapel in Mildmay Park.

NOR DOES MR. HOLLAND'S ACT, though Lord Brabazon took some part in drafting it, apply to the City churchyards, which its framers purposely exempted from its operation, in order to facilitate its passage through Parliament. Thus the two churches, one of them a beautiful specimen of Wren's architecture, St. Olave, Old Jewry, and St. Catherine Coleman, Fenchurch-street, are threatened with demolition and their burial grounds with being built upon under a special Act of Parliament, the Union of Benefices Act of 1860. An appeal is therefore made on behalf of the City Church and Churchyard Protection Society for contributions to its nearly exhausted funds with which it may oppose these and similar acts of destruction and desecration. The Earl of Devon is President of the Society, and among its supporters are Lord Tennyson, Sir Frederick Leighton, the Duke of Westminster, Mr. Beresford Hope, to say nothing of several Bishops.

THE FAMOUS RICHARD BAXTER, many years parish minister of Kidderminster, but ejected, and a Nonconformist, after the Restoration, when he refused the Bishopric of Hereford, was buried in the church of Christ Church, Newgate, where no memorial of any kind marks his resting-place. The Vicar of Christ Church makes an appeal, every way creditable to himself, for a hundred pounds, with which to erect a suitable mural tablet, with an appropriate inscription, to mark the grave of the able, zealous, and upright Presbyterian divine, whose memory men so different as Dr. Johnson and Lord Macaulay have delighted to honour.



AN ENGLISH PROGRAMME.—The "classical" evening at the Promenade Concerts on Wednesday was devoted exclusively to music by British composers. The music rather than its rendering is the attraction which brings amateurs to Covent Garden on Wednesday evenings. There is accordingly no need to dwell upon the defects of Mr. G. Crowe's direction of the orchestra, and still less temptation to speak of a performance by Miss Josephine Lawrence of Sterndale Bennett's piano concerto in F minor. Mr. Carrodus played Sir George Macfarren's violin concerto, written for the Philharmonic Society, and first performed by Herr Straus in May, 1873. Nearly two years later Mr. Carrodus introduced the concerto at a Crystal Palace concert, and it has, so far as our recollection goes, not since been heard in London till Wednesday night. The repertory of violin concertos of the genuinely "classical" school is sufficiently limited to warrant greater popularity for this truly musicianly work. Of the three movements the first *allegro*, in G minor, is the most elaborated; the second, a *larghetto* in A flat, is brief but melodiously tender; while the *finale*, an *allegretto* in G major, is little better than a mere piece of display. Mr. Carrodus made his chief effect in the difficult first *cadenza*, which Sir George Macfarren, we believe, himself wrote. Mr. F. H. Cowen's so-called *Welsh* symphony was performed for the second time in London under the composer's direction. The work (duly reviewed in *The Graphic* of May 31st) by no means improves on acquaintance. The excessive use made of the second "subject" renders the first movement monotonous, although we still think that when it is better played it will be preferred to any section of the work other than the *finale*. The audience loudly applauded Mr. Cowen on his appearance to conduct, and a few number clapped their hands after the singularly feeble slow movement. The *scherzo* was followed by almost dead silence, while after the *finale* the composer was recalled, as if to show that, even if the public could not accept the Symphony as a legitimate successor to the *Scandinavian*, yet that his personal popularity was still great. The idea to perform oratorios at Covent Garden has so far been modified that the audience will be seated, for reasons which will be obvious. Madame Aibani is likely to be the chief soprano on *Messiah* and *Elijah* nights.

THE APPROACHING SEASON.—The winter season, in some respects the most important musical period of the year, is now close upon us. From July, when the Italian opera closed, that is to say, for more than a quarter of the whole year, the large body of London amateurs have heard no orchestral music, save at the Promenade Concerts. But directly after the Norwich Festival the winter season will commence in good earnest. The Crystal Palace leads off with the Saturday Concerts, beginning on October 18. The Monday Popular Concerts will begin on October 27, when Herr Barth, the well-known pianist of Berlin, Madame Norman-Néruda, and Signor Patti will appear. The Richter Autumn Concerts will begin October 28, and three capital programmes include Brahms's third symphony, Schubert's great symphony in C, Beethoven's choral symphony, and some of the best known and most popular selection from Wagner's operas. On November 5, Mr. Henry Holmes's Musical Evenings of Chamber Music will commence. On November 7, the Second Harmonic Society's season will open with a performance of *The Rose of Sharon*, conducted by Mr. Mackenzie himself. The remaining programmes will include Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ*, Götz's *By the Waters of Babylon*, Bach's *God's Time is the best Time*, Handel's *Belshazzar* (for the Handel bi-centenary), besides *St. Paul*, *Messiah*, and *Elijah*. On November 10, the Albert Hall Choral Society will produce Wagner's last opera, *Parsifal*, in German, and with the Bayreuth cast. Two performances of *Parsifal* will be given, the second on Saturday afternoon, November 15. The other works to be performed during the season of ten concerts are *Redemption*, *Messiah*, *Elijah*, *Creation*, Berlioz's *Faust*, and possibly Berlioz's *Te Deum*. Last season the ten concerts given by this choir attracted upwards of 70,000 persons. Mr. Boosey's Hallad Concerts will begin on November 26, and the Willing Choir will also give concerts, promising Dvorák's new patriotic hymn, intended for the last Worcester Festival, and Mr. Mackenzie's cantata *Jason*.

A MUSICAL CLUB.—A new club, on a somewhat extensive scale, and intended chiefly for professional musicians, is now being organised. The club is at present unnamed; but among those who have placed their names on the list of the honorary committee are the Marquis of Londonderry, Lord Gerald Fitzgerald (for many years conductor of the "Wandering Minstrels"), Sir Henry de Bathe, Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Julius Benedict, Sir F. Gore Ouseley, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Sir George Elvey, Messrs. Mackenzie, Cowen,

Charles Hallé, Goring Thomas, Tosti, Kuhé, Ernest Gye, Carrodus, and Thomas Chappell. One of the attractions of the club is to be a concert hall. But the club is still only in its preliminary stage.

PATTI'S MUSICAL TRAINING.—As there was some dispute as to who directed Madame Patti's early musical studies, her brother-in-law, Mr. Maurice Strakosch, has contributed an interesting account of the childhood days of the great *prima donna*. Her mother was an operatic artist, and she was singing Norma when she was compelled to leave the stage before the last act, immediately before Madame Patti's birth. The little Patti, even at four years of age, sang "many of the most difficult operatic airs almost to perfection." Before she was eight, in 1850, she appeared as a child at Trippler's Hall, New York, singing an air from *La Sonnambula*. When she was twelve she went on a concert tour in the West Indies; and on November 24, 1859, she made her operatic *début* in New York as Lucia. In 1861 she first appeared in London. Mr. Strakosch had no little difficulty in inducing the late Mr. Gye to give her a hearing, and he only succeeded on the terms that the artist should sing for three nights without pay, and that afterwards Mr. Gye should have the right to engage her for five years at any salary he deemed fit. As a fact, Madame Patti during her first season was paid at the rate of not quite 20*l.* per night.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Christine Nilsson will make her first appearance this season at the Albert Hall on Wednesday next.—The projected season of English opera at Covent Garden in the winter has apparently been abandoned, and the theatre is to let.—A new symphony, by Antonin Dvorák, will be conducted by the composer in the course of the next season of the Philharmonic Society.—It is reported that a hitherto unknown symphony, by Mendelssohn, has been discovered in Berlin. If there be any truth at all in the report, the symphony is probably one of his boyish works.—Mdlle. Alma Verdin, a soprano; Mr. George Tyler, a tenor; and Signor Giulio, a bass, have been added to the Carl Rosa Company.—Last week Mr. Carl Rosa produced *The Beggar Student* in Manchester. But some drawing-room songs had been interpolated, and the production does not appear to have been very successful.—The suicide is announced, at Lucerne, of Josef Rubinstein, who was employed by Wagner to write the pianoforte version of *Parsifal*.—M. Gounod has begun a new "lyric drama" on the subject of Lamartine's "Jocelyn."—Mr. Goring Thomas's opera, *Esmeralda*, was very successfully produced, in German, at the Stadt Theater, Hamburg, on Saturday evening. Mr. Randerger conducted.—Sir George Macfarren delivered his annual address to the students at the Royal Academy of Music last Saturday.



ALTHOUGH the production of Mr. H. A. Jones's *Saints and Sinners* at the VAUDEVILLE has occasioned some disappointment, there are features in this work of one of the authors of *The Silver King* which afford ground for congratulation to those who are anxious to see a genuine revival of our drama. Its thread of story, it is true, is somewhat wanting in freshness and ingenuity, being no other than the old tale of ensnared innocence and sad repentance which furnishes the theme of Goldsmith's immortal novelette. Added to this, the subject is set forth rather crudely, as would be felt at once by any spectator who can recall the impression made by Mr. Wills's *Olivia* when that beautiful play, aided by admirable acting and a lovely *mise-en-scène*, was produced at the Court Theatre some years ago. On the other hand, there is a true comedy vein in many of the characters, and, what is still more important, there is evidence both of the courage and the faculty to observe and depict actual life which are unhappily very rare, as yet, among our living dramatists. Mr. Pinero, in spite of all his irritating perversities, decidedly possesses these qualities. They are exhibited, however, with more completeness in Mr. Jones's sketches of the little community of fellow-worshippers at Bethel Chapel, in the small provincial town of Steepleford. The meek and simple old minister, Jacob Fletcher, played by Mr. Thorne sympathetically, though with no great fertility of resource; Prabble, who objects to his pastor's temporary successor because his views on predestination are, in his opinion, "wrong"; and who thought that the minister of his choice ought to oblige him by denouncing the Co-operative Stores from the pulpit; Uncle Bamberry, who comes to chapel ignorantly sententious and resplendent in frock coat and brand new corduroys; old Peter Greenacre, with his wagging head, his piping voice, his passion for liquor, and his obsequious attendance on the chapel dignitaries: are all sketches clearly from the life. We cannot say that they are ill-naturedly conceived. Even the odious Samuel Hoggard, who uses his outward air of piety for a cloak, while he alternately cants and snarls—a powerful portrait in the hands of that artistic actor, Mr. Mackintosh—is fairly counterbalanced by Mr. Frederick Thomas's simple, honest collector of pew-rents, and more than counterbalanced by the kindly, uncomplaining minister, whom Hoggard drives from his post for a time by exposing the terrible secret of his daughter's shame. There is much more in all this than can be taught in that apprenticeship to stagecraft which may yet suffice to teach the trick of effective construction—albeit effective construction is an indispensable condition of stage success. The Vaudeville company, though a good one in its way, is hardly equal to the presentation of a play which depends on serious interests. Mr. Conway nevertheless exhibits unusual power and concentration in the thankless part of the gay and heartless Captain Fanshawe, whom Mr. Henry Neville (who is but ill-provided with opportunities for effective acting) is perpetually threatening with portentous looks and attitudes, but with no result. Miss Cissy Grahame, as the Minister's daughter, is pretty and interesting, but lacks both force and pathos. Mr. E. M. Robson's Prabble, Mr. Lestocq's Peter, and Mr. Grove's Uncle Bamberry, are thoroughly well studied efforts in the way of character-acting. Similar praise, with a further recognition of a very agreeable comeliness and winning manner, is due to Miss Kate Phillips for her performance of the part of the Minister's housekeeper.

Mr. Walter Browne's farcical comedy, entitled *A Wet Day*, produced originally at a *matinée* at the Vaudeville, has been reproduced at the Gaiety, where its abundant but rather boisterous humours have the advantage of a far more efficient company. It appears to afford much amusement to Mr. Hollingshead's patrons, and thus to form an excellent introduction to the real business of the evening, which we need hardly say is a burlesque extravaganza. *Little Eva Diavolo*, with Miss E. Farren, Mr. Royce, Miss Gilchrist, and the rest of the Gaiety Company, has been revived this week, with abundant indications that the theatrical season has now commenced in earnest.

The "new and original sensational drama," in six acts and eight tableaux, which was produced at the SURREY on Monday evening, with the title of *The Sins of the City*, proves to be for the most part a new combination of elements more or less familiar in suburban melodrama. A murder on the Epsom racecourse on the night after a Derby, and a representation of the "Heatherlies," are among the freshest of its numberless startling and picturesque effects. The acting is rather above the suburban standard. Mr. George Conquest,

who is joint author of the play with Mr. Paul Merritt, furnishes, in a leading part, one more of those wonderful portraits of old men for which he is justly renowned.

The ST. JAMES'S Theatre reopened for the season on Thursday evening, when the representations of *The Ironmaster* were resumed—without any change of cast—by Mr. Ilare, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, and their company.

Mr. Pinero's comedy, entitled *In Chancery*, written for Mr. Terry, and brought out at the LYCEUM Theatre, Edinburgh, is reported to have been very successful in amusing Edinburgh audiences. Mr. Terry has now, we are glad to learn, recovered from the effects of his recent severe mishap on the stage.

Mr. Joaquin Miller, the American poet and dramatist, has just completed a play, entitled *Tally Ho*, the story of which is based on an incident in the life of Hank Monk, the famous stage-driver, who carried Mr. Horace Greeley over the Sierras on his first visit to the Far West. Mr. Dowling, the American actor, who will play the leading part, is at present a member of Mr. Jefferson's company.

The NOVELTY Theatre reopens this evening with a new comic opera entitled *Polly*—book by Mr. James Mortimer, music by Mr. Edward Solomon. Miss Lilian Russell plays the part of the heroine.

The "Playgoers' Club," which aims at the laudable object of cultivating a sound taste among its members for the drama and the stage, has removed to more commodious quarters, at 22, Newman Street, Oxford Street. At the opening meeting, to be held on Tuesday next, Mr. H. A. Jones will read a paper entitled "Prospects of the Modern Drama."

In view no doubt of Mr. Wilson Barrett's performance in *Hamlet*, Mr. Arthur Brereton is about to publish a volume on "The Famous Hamlets of the Past." The performers described are seventeen in number, and extend from Shakespeare's fellow actor, Burbage, down to the late Charles Fechter. Mr. Brereton, it will be observed, draws the line at living performers.

Romeo and Juliet, with Miss Mary Anderson in the part of Juliet, is in active preparation at the LYCEUM.

THE CRITERION will reopen this evening with *Featherbrain*. Miss Lydia Thompson's *Nitouche* company will appear at the CRYSTAL PALACE *matinée* next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment will re-open for the Autumn Season on Monday evening next, October 6th. *Cherry Tree Farm* will form the first part of the programme; and Mr. Corney Grain will give for the first time his new Musical Sketch, entitled *Troubles of a Tourist*. The last new after-piece, *A Terrible Fright*, will conclude the performance.



AFTER THE DISCLOSURES in the trial of the actions brought by Mrs. Weldon against Dr. Forbes Winslow and Dr. Semple, there was a general expression of opinion that an amendment was required in the Lunacy Laws, especially as the presiding judges spoke with surprise and indignation of the facilities which they afforded for the confinement in lunatic asylums of persons not at all insane. Nothing, however, has been heard of the intention of any competent member of either branch of the Legislature to introduce a measure for the improvement of proceedings in lunacy; and meanwhile the effect of the revelations in Mrs. Weldon's case has seemingly been to develop an evil the very opposite of that for which it was hoped they would suggest a remedy. Medical men are now so frightened by the result of Mrs. Weldon's prosecutions that there is a general indisposition among them to sign certificates of insanity, except in the case of the lunacy being both dangerous and unmistakable; and one of them, of considerable experience in the treatment of insanity, points to the peril involved in the existence of "a number of wandering creatures who are crazy enough to invite protection, but too intelligent withal to secure it." He suggests accordingly—and the suggestion seems well worthy of consideration—that since the Legislature appoints a Public Prosecutor of (alleged) criminals, it ought to appoint public investigators or inspectors (versed in the speciality) of cases of alleged lunacy when the insanity is of a difficult and doubtful character.

THE THAMES CONSERVANCY are at last bestirring themselves to check the over-speed of steam launches on the Thames. A Teddington owner of one, summoned at their instance before the Hampton magistrate for thus endangering the ordinary boat navigation of the river, was fined 40*s.*, including costs, not a very severe penalty.

AT CHELSEA, the claimant of a vote for the borough was opposed by the overseers on the ground that he had been sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. He had served his time, and the revising barrister admitted his claim, remarking that his status was restored unless he was a ticket-of-leave man, and on this point no evidence seems to have been adduced.

PATRICK FRANE, a miner, has been charged at the Whitehaven police court, with the dynamite outrage at Cleator Moor, on the 30th August, reported in this column at the time. He is in the employment of the mine owner, whose manager's house was the object of the explosion. It appeared in evidence that sometimes two packages of dynamite, containing 36 charges, were delivered to him for mining purposes. The Bench was of opinion that a *prima facie* case had been made out against him, and he was remanded until Monday.

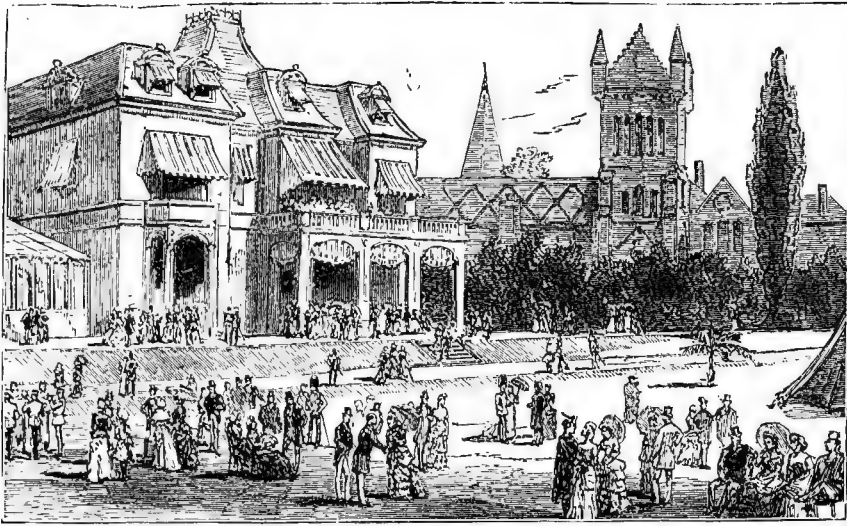
AN ATTEMPT is being made to raise a fund for the defence of Captain Dudley and his fellow survivors of the ill-fated *Mignonette*.

THE JUDGESHIP of a Birmingham County Court, worth 1,500*l.* a year, has been conferred by the Lord Chancellor on Mr. M. D. E. T. Chalmers, junior counsel to the Board of Trade, and a revising barrister.

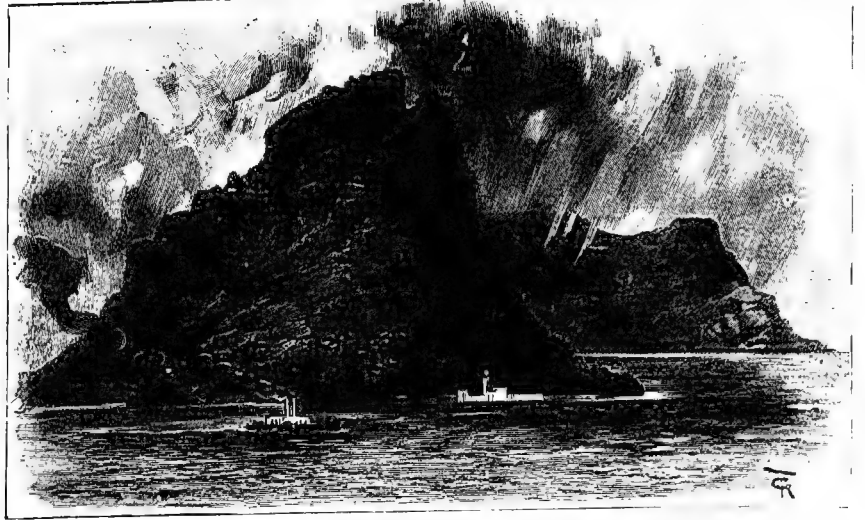
THE BENCHERS OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE will, as is their commendable custom, throw open their gardens to the public, on the occasion of their annual chrysanthemum show, which in consequence of favouring circumstances is to begin this year a fortnight earlier than usual.

AN APPLE TREE near the castle at Richmond, Yorkshire, has just burst into blossom for the second time this year, owing to the mild, fine weather.

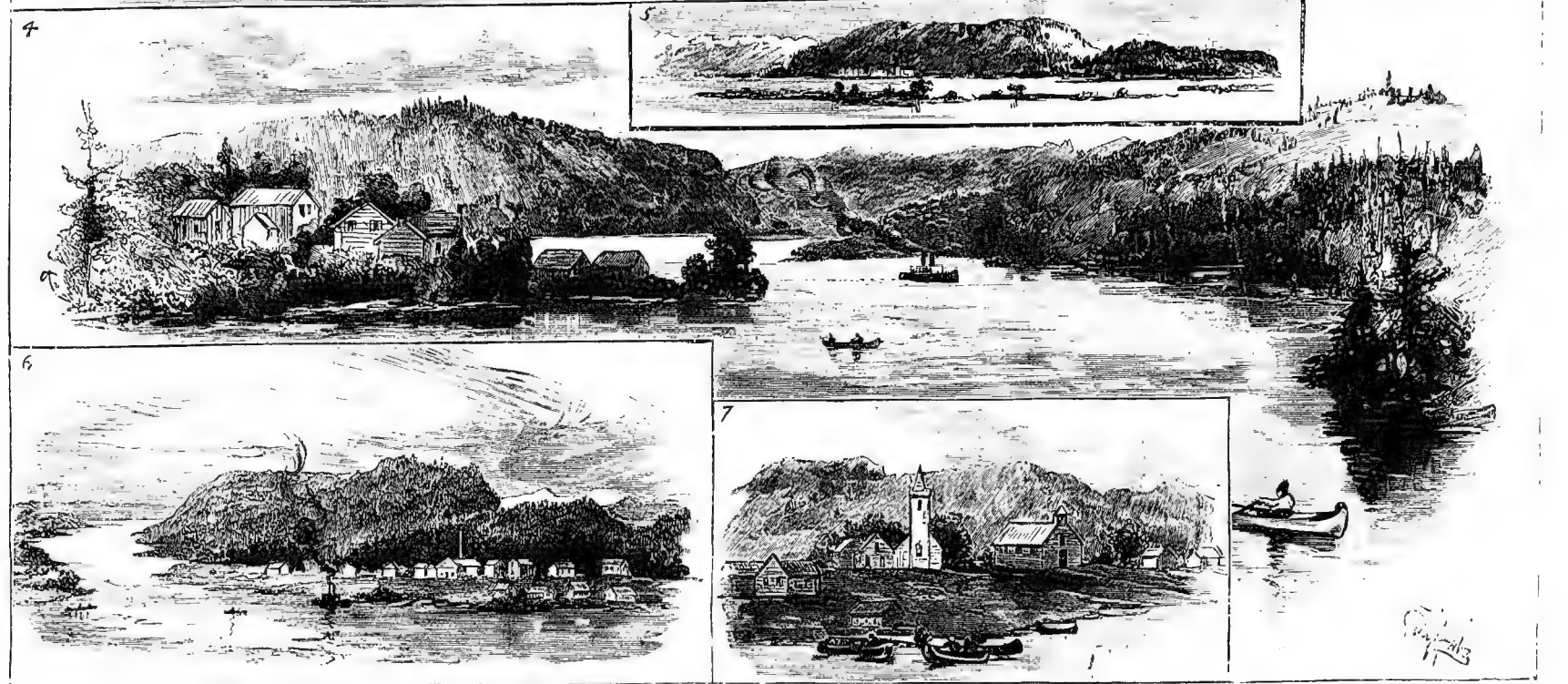
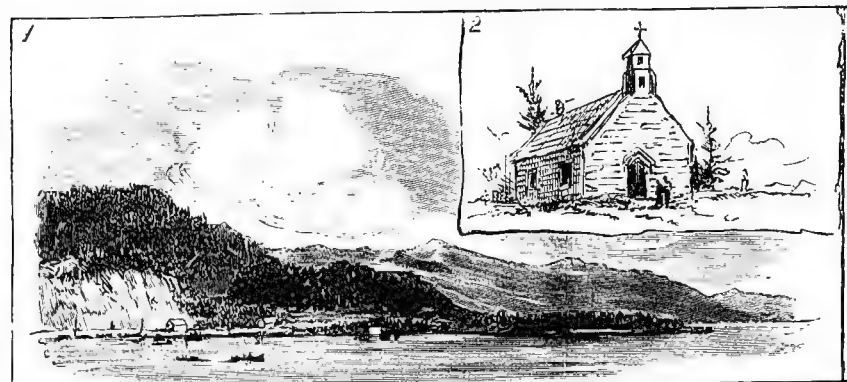
SUGAR is now so extraordinarily cheap, that it is proposed to use it largely for fattening cattle and pigs. Common sugar is down to a penny per lb., and raw Indian has lately been sold at seven shillings per cwt. In feeding stock upon sugar, it is as well to begin with a quarter of a pound *per diem*, gradually increasing this to a pound a day, which should be dissolved in warm water, and for cattle and horses mixed with their chaff or chopped hay and straw. A correspondent says that a pound of sugar is now cheaper than a pound of linseed cake, than which it is two or three times as valuable for fattening purposes. Sugar would go very well with ensilage in feeding stock, and the present cheapness may be the means of adding one more to the regular list of stock foods, the increase in which is undoubtedly beneficial and encouraging to those who are going in for stock-keeping.



GARDEN-PARTY GIVEN BY HON. BEVERLEY ROBINSON, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF ONTARIO

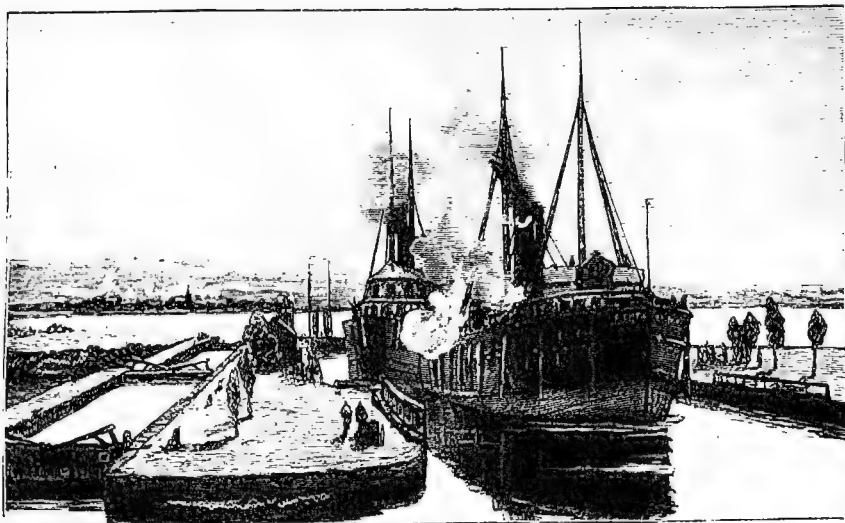


THUNDER CAPE, NEAR PORT ARTHUR, LAKE SUPERIOR

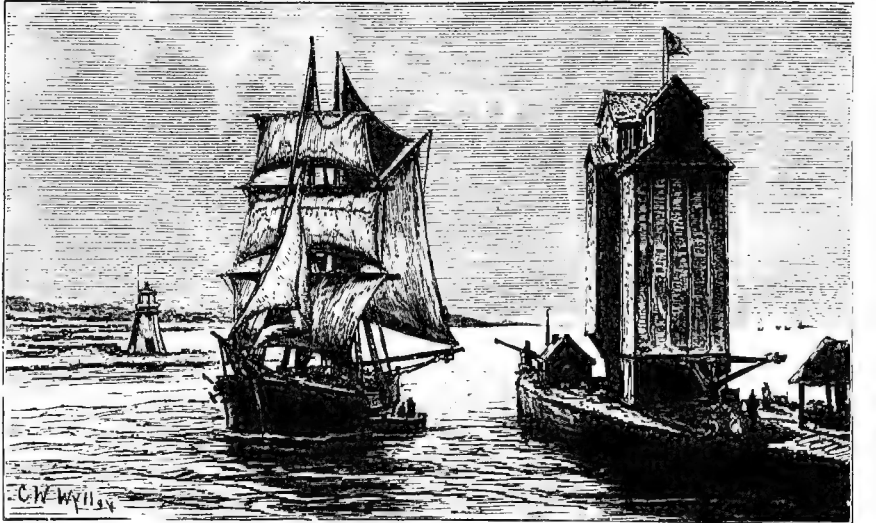


1. Canadian Pacific Railway Construction, River St. Marie, Algoma District.—2. Methodist Church, Garden River Settlement.—3. Canadian Pacific Line in Construction.—4. Church's Landing, River St. Marie.—5. A Sketch by the Way.—6. Part of Garden River Settlement of Chippewa Indians.—7. Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches, Garden River Settlement.

FROM OWEN'S SOUND TO LAKE SUPERIOR



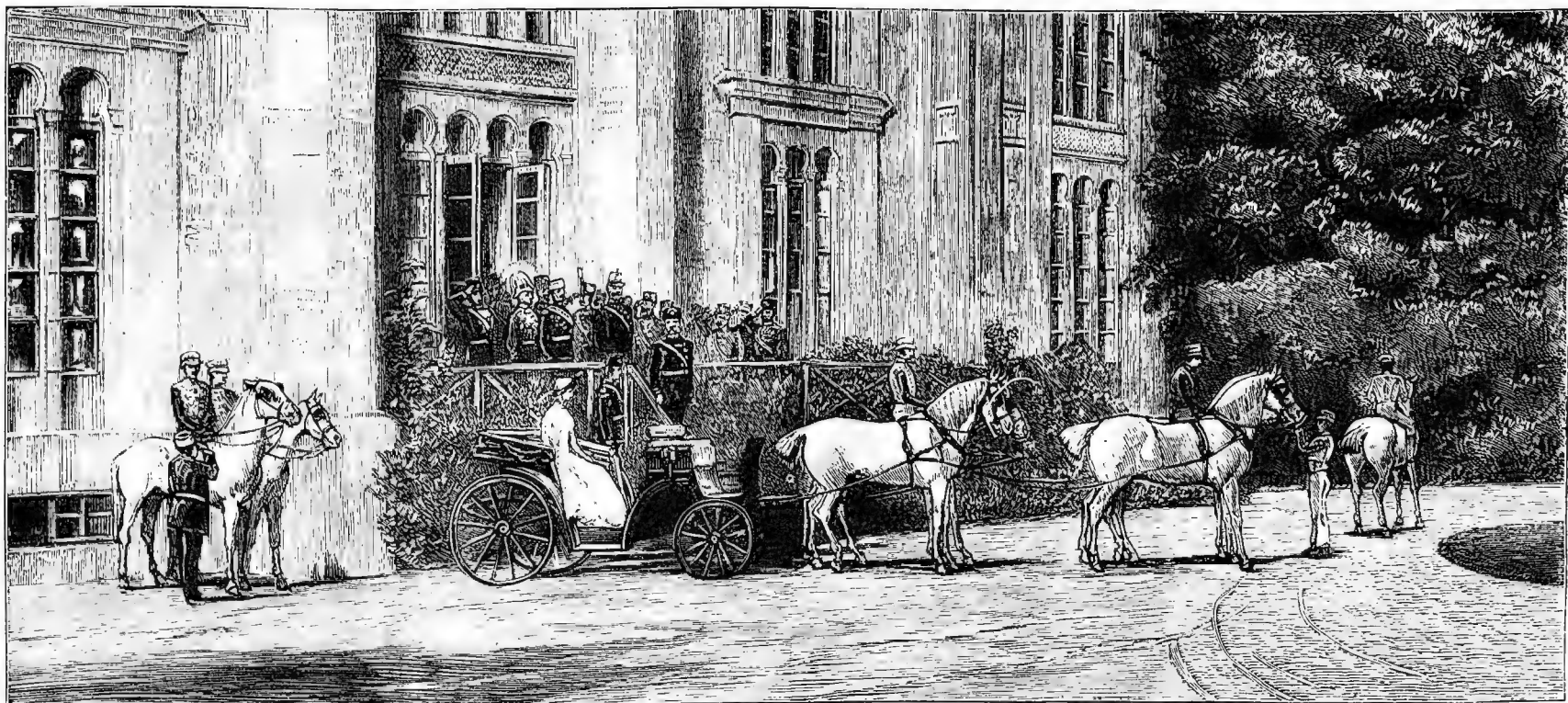
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY S.S. "ALBERTA," WITH THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN PARTY ON BOARD, PASSING THROUGH THE LOCK OF SAULT ST. MARIE, BETWEEN LAKES HURON AND SUPERIOR



OWEN'S SOUND, POINT OF EMBARKATION ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S STEAMER FOR PORT ARTHUR

WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN CANADA—THE TRIP TO THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE (CONVERTED INTO A RAILWAY-STATION)

A VISIT TO INISHKEA

ON the coast of Mayo, several miles north-west of Achil, lies the Isle of Inishkea. Probably few persons are aware that the inhabitants of this isle are governed by a "King." Such, however, is the fact; and here this potentate dispenses law and justice after his own fashion—shrewdly, too—and exercises supreme authority over his "subjects." The Inishkea islanders have, moreover, a wooden idol, left by a holy priest of yore, which they say watches over their welfare at sea; and they have a delightful conceit that a crane has lived there alone without mate or offspring, old as the stars, and that there it is, and there it will be, till doomsday! But O! Inishkea! thou art famed for more than these, for is it not here that the delicious albeit dangerous *crathur* is made in such perfection.

*Insula Inishkea scriptis ut fama priorum,
Credula commendat, regio qua prominet Irtas,*

*Oceani in fluctus grus est ab origine rerum,
Unica, sideribus minime consumpta coevis.*

To this interesting isle I recently made a trip with some friends. We embarked at an early hour in a "corrack," at Dugort, and, rowing to the hooker chartered for the occasion, we quickly set sail. The cliffs of Slievemore looked truly sublime as we sped beneath their grim shadows—past the weird seal caves—past the desolate strang of Anagh, to Saddle-Head, where we turn the vessel's course direct for Inishkea. Anon we pass Devilaun, and duly arrive at Inishkea, and anchor the craft in the bay fronting the village. A "corrack" puts out from shore, and we disembark.

Our first visit is to the "King." He gave us a hearty *cead mille faillthe*, introduced us to his "Queen" and two strapping "Princesses," and insisted on having our provisions prepared in his cabin. We then made a tour of the sland, and found many objects of interest. On returning

to the village we find that a dance is to be given in our honour, so we quickly dine and prepare for the fun. Our skipper, standing on an inverted tub, constitutes himself M.C.

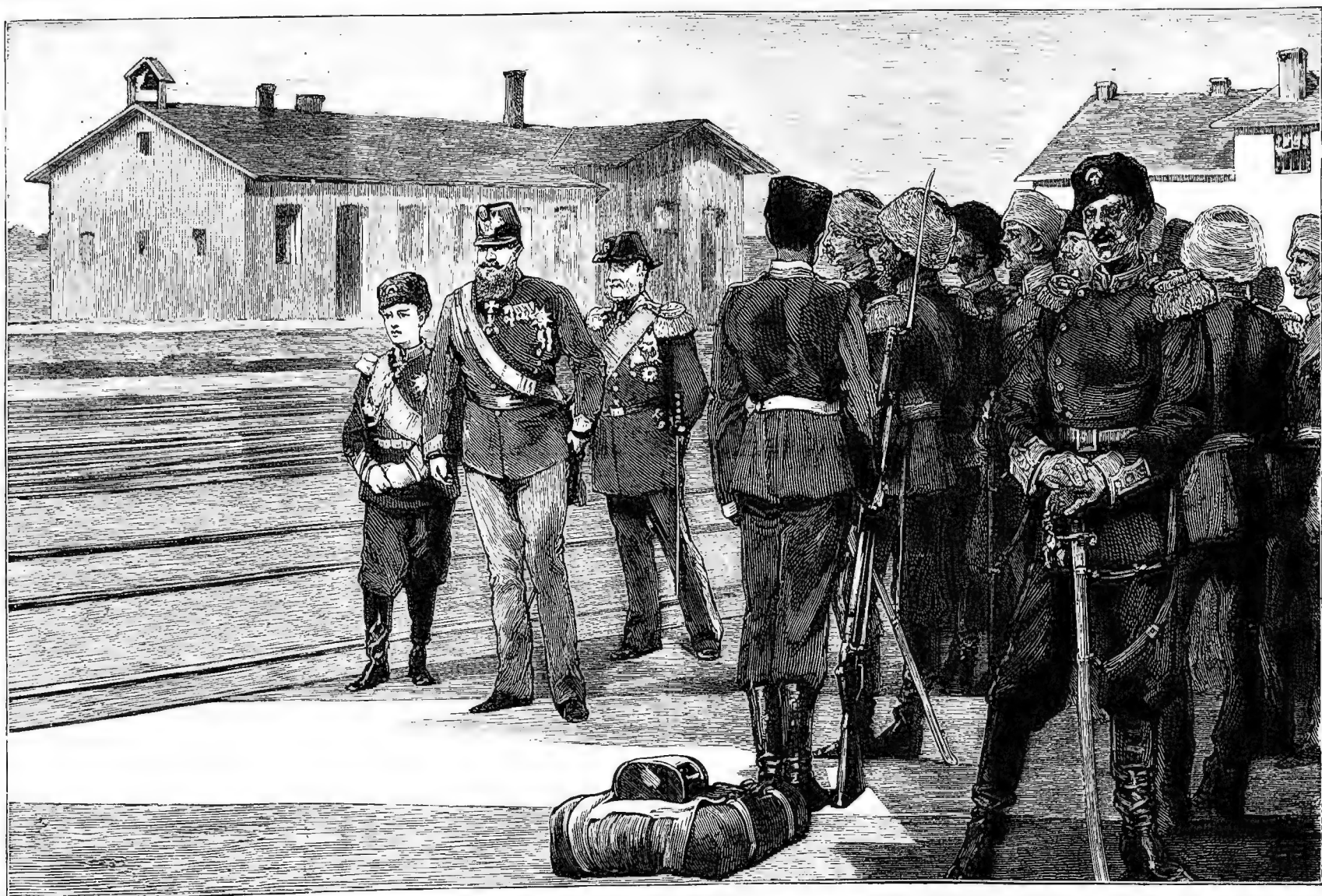
"Get your Nora Creinas," he cries; and soon three of our party are jiggling away with the two Princesses and another maid, to the tune of "The Sailor on the Rock."

"Reel off," cries the skipper. "Back again. Swing your duck now," is the order. "As ye were, and so are;" while the pattering on the boards, the squeaking fiddle, and the grunts from the drowsy pig under the bed re-echo to the noisy plaudits of the crowd. "Och! Hooroo! That's the touch!"

"More power to ye! Ach! Ya-ha!" till it is over. "Bravely done!" "Good luck to you, girls, but you are rare dancers."

"Ah! sir, not at all."

The ball goes merrily on till time warns us to depart. We



THE CZAR AND M. DE GIERS AT THE RAILWAY STATION AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA

MEETING OF THE THREE EMPERORS AT SKIERNIEWICE, POLAND
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS

go down to the starting-place, followed by the entire population, and, after thanking our royal host and distributing largesse among some of his men, we hurry on board. As the hooker gets under weigh we fire a salute with guns, rifles, and revolvers together, replied to by loud cheers from those on shore; and the last we hear is the voice of the old King as he stands foremost in the crowd, and, nearly knee-deep in the water, wishes us a kindly "good-speed."

E. WELDON



AFTER an exceptionally long summer autumn came upon us rather suddenly, and though the sun shines brightly and even hotly overhead, the air, morning and evening, is very chilly, and frosty nights are causing anxiety to amateur gardeners. Many of our readers have summer garments in good preservation, and are desirous to wear them for a few weeks to come; they can very well do so by adopting new flannel under-garments.

This is a month when we should thoroughly overlook our under-wear of every description, and endeavour to spare a substantial sum of money to put everything in complete order, as later on we shall require all that we can afford for outward apparel. Those of our readers who cannot wear fine merino vests—which are to be preferred from a sanitary point of view to any other—can substitute pearl-white washing silk; but they should make up their minds to one or the other, and not adopt one for morning and the other for evening, as, after walking or riding and getting warm, the check produced by the silk replacing the flannel is very pernicious. With regard to flannel petticoats, it is well to have a set for the morning, scarlet, pink, or blue, with scallops worked in the colour to match, whilst for the evening they should be of the purest white, daintily embroidered in fillole, and edged with Valenciennes or *torchon* lace. It is false economy to send flannel petticoats to the ordinary wash; they should be dry-cleaned, and will come home each time for many months, even years, looking as good as new.

Two pairs of well-fitting corsets, made to measure, one for morning and the other for evening, form expensive items in this month's programme; but they also, if cleaned skilfully, are very durable. Equally expensive and far more important are the boots and shoes.

A West End firm has just introduced gaiters for ladies' wear, which are not only very comfortable and convenient, but also very natty. They are called "spatts," an abbreviation of spatter, and are made after the model of those worn by the Gordon Highlanders, in black or dark waterproof cloth, buttoned on the outside, reaching mid-leg, and with straps under the foot. The great advantage of these gaiters is that they are less weighty and more easily removed than many-buttoned high boots, and may be worn with shoes (cork soled) when the weather is fine, as they protect the tops of the feet, and, being lined with white flannel, do not soil the stockings.

Another speciality of the season is the brown medicated flannel, which keeps away chilblains, and is very grateful to all who suffer from cold feet or rheumatism. It is used for lining shoes or boots, and is warm without being overheating. Scarlet morocco shoes are very fashionable this season, and look pretty as they peep out from beneath a black or dark-coloured costume. In Paris it is quite the rage to have boots of the same material as the costume, goshed with leather or kid of the same colour, when worn for walking; but for evening, when they are made of brocade, satin, or velvet, the Queen Anne shoes are the most suitable.

The *Révue de la Mode* gives a description of "The Excursion Dress" as worn at the *tables d'hôte* in and out of Paris, by travellers who do not care to be encumbered with much luggage, and yet like to look nice. The material of summer serge or nun's veiling, nut brown or *café au lait* colour, on which are scattered tiny crescents of silk, blue, red, old gold, and green, made with a polonaise gathered at the neck into a collar of pale blue silk, under a crossed *fichu* of the same shade; the skirt is raised at the sides in round pleats, fastened under a puff of full pleatings; petticoat of red silk with several tucks; a sash of red velvet attached at the waist, under the arms, is fastened at the side with a fancy brooch. Very high-crowned hat, the "Isabelle," of fine straw, lined with maroon-coloured *faitle*, no brim at the back, but a visor-pointed front; under the brim a wreath of roses or of shaded geraniums; a bouquet of the same flowers at the back in place of the curtain, no bows or ends of ribbon.

Amongst the new dress materials which we saw in the course of our *tournee* for this month were: Electric blue beige, embroidered in cardinal spots and dark blue with spots as large as half-sovereigns in gold-coloured silk; plain materials to match.

Frieze in all the newest colours and shades, more especially that known as red-chocolate, and dahlia.

Broché velveteen, which is woven not stamped, a very great improvement, as is also the twilled back velveteen, which can scarcely be distinguished from the velvet, the pile of which will not wear off. French merino will be more worn than cashmere this season; it is not only a very soft, but also one of the least expensive of its tribe. "Drap de Fins" is a pretty material made with horizontal cords. Cashmere Velours is made in all the new colours, with velvet and velveteens to match: Terry tweed, and Ottoman woollen material will be much worn, as well as a soft and elegant fabric in wool, on which are stripes of velvet in groups of seven. For draping over woollen or velveteen materials a satin duchesse with tiny raised designs, is very fashionable.

We saw some natty little short jackets in stockingette cloth, with a braided vest, and trimmed with a wide braid, in beaver cloth, double-breasted, and fastened with large bone buttons. The frock-coat shape will be much worn this season, braided *à la militaire*. Feather trimming, with a chenille fancy centre, has a novel effect. A very handsome pelisse was made of Ottoman silk, with panels of plush and very rich *passementerie*.

A travelling mantle in Kyrrl cloth was trimmed very stylishly with plush panels. A simple and useful travelling cloak was made of checked cloth, with a cape, the corners of which were turned up to form sleeves. A costume of olive-green cashmere serge was made with a plain front and drapery of satinette with little tufts of plush.

A blue serge had pointed panels of cardinal satin. A very stylish dinner dress was of shot figured silk, leather coloured and brown; the skirt was cashmere of the lighter shade, draped with brown on the left side were three very wide loops of brown velvet, graduated in length.—Another dinner dress for a youthful matron was a tasteful combination of Sicilian, grenadine, and Spanish lace, touched up with scarlet terry ribbon.—For young girls the plain full skirts in muslin, grenadine, or Nun's cloth, with tucks of numerous rows of velvet in a contrasting colour, will be worn for home dinner dresses or unceremonious visiting. A Swiss bodice in velvet with a full muslin tucker, gathered into a velvet band at the throat, and sleeves to the elbow, finished off with a triple row of lace.

It was most satisfactory to see at one house specially devoted to young folks' adornments, fashions really prepared for children, not *copies* of grown-up people. For a mite of four years old was a little costume of ruby velvet and cashmere serge, with a broad satin sash. With this was to be worn a cream felt hat trimmed with

plush.—A charming little pelisse for a baby of eighteen months was of cream-coloured fancy cloth, trimmed with real Yak lace and satin ribbon, a cream French beaver hat, trimmed with terry velvet. For an infant was a soft cream velvet bonnet trimmed with satin ribbon, to be worn with a cream cloth pelisse and cape, trimmed with velvet.—A costume fit for a fairy queen was of rich cardinal plush, made with box pleats at the back, a full satin puffed front of satin reaching nearly to the hem, a satin sash from the side under the arms tied in full bows at the back. Cream beaver hat and feathers, trimmed with plush.—A very stylish dress which would rejoice the heart of a twelve-year-old schoolgirl was made of wine-coloured French merino, with a tucked skirt, slightly full in front, and very full at the back; fussily draped, ending at the waist with six rows of fine gathers. Yoke bodice, nicely larded sash of satin tied in two large bows; puffed sleeves to the elbow, and then tight to the wrist.—For nursery or schoolroom wear was an overall, a real blessing not only to mothers, but also to the juvenile wearers. It was made in dark blue serge, the skirt quite loose gathered into a saddle, feather stitched with red silk, an ample sash of the material tied in two large bows and ends. A thoroughly comfortable garment.—Here we also saw some very stylish and original tea gowns. One was of bronze green cashmere trimmed with two narrow frills of the material, edged with wide coffee-coloured lace, gathered to the waist at back, and trimmed with satin ribbon to match.



THE HARVEST is annually the subject of some half-a-dozen letters from gentlemen whose observations for a long number of years have given them a fair title to the name of authorities. Of these the last to print his estimate is Sir John Lawes, whose practical experiments give a very special value to his views. The opinion expressed of the harvest of 1884 reads unfavourably at first, for the yield is put at 29½ bushels only, which is the lowest authoritative estimate yet published. Closer attention to Sir John Lawes's figures, however, shows that he thinks this year's crop three bushels above the mean, which is about the view of most other writers. The difference comes in on the subject of what is an average. Sir John Lawes says 26½ bushels in a period of thirty years. Nearly every other authority says 29, or at least 28. Here, then, we have an explanation of the low figures for the present year.—A correspondent reminds us of an omitted harvest return—the wheat produce of the City of London! Four self-sown grains close to Fleet Street having germinated were allowed to grow, and thirty ears resulted on the 20th of July, the plants being thirty inches high. Wheat is well known as a hardy plant, but it has seldom had a more severe struggle for existence than in the smoke of London.

THE MIDLAND AGRICULTURAL SHOW was held last week at Alfreton, in Derbyshire, and the number of entries was very satisfactory, showing eighty-one increase on 1883. Among the attractions were a number of Scotch stock belonging to the Marquis of Hartington. These were not for competition. The cattle, horse, sheep, and pig classes were more than fully sustained, at last year's level of merit. Mr. Palmer Morewood, of Alfreton Hall, took first honours for shorthorns; while Mr. Joseph Critchlow and Mr. Byron were the most successful exhibitors of horses. The annual ploughing contest in connection with the Society was held in a field adjoining the showyard, and there were also pony races and horse-jumping prizes. A dinner took place in the evening; and, amid general satisfaction, the 1884 meeting came to a close.

HORSES.—At Rugby last week there was a small but very fine show of horses; while at Northallerton there was a Show which may fairly be described as both large and fine.—At the Pocklington Horse Show there was a good turn-out in most of the classes.—At Hay the entries numbered 335, and the yearlings were especially good. The roadsters were disappointing.—A good show of foals at Chester was aided by the Duke of Westminster's exhibits; while another Foal Show, held at Heckington, was the occasion of some most promising youngsters being shown.—The Warwickshire Cart Horse Society held their first Show at Warwick the other day, but their friends must own to some disappointment.—The Ashbourne Cart Horse Show, on the other hand, has been singularly interesting and successful.—A fair Show has also been held at Brigg, and a very good exhibition at Stokesley.

HAY.—Some experiments have recently been made, to show the comparative value of good hay for stock. As a result it is estimated that 100 lbs. of hay equal 275 lbs. of green maize, 400 lbs. of green clover, 175 lbs. of raw potatoes, 300 lbs. of carrots, 504 lbs. of turnips, 54 lbs. of rye, 46 lbs. of wheat, 59 lbs. of oats, 57 lbs. of maize, 64 lbs. of buckwheat, 45 lbs. of beans, 68 lbs. of acorns, 167 lbs. of chaff, 59 lbs. of linseed, 105 lbs. of wheat bran, and 339 lbs. of mangel wurzel. These comparisons are somewhat confusing, but they tend to show that, for convenience and use, hay should always hold its own against roots and green crops. On the other hand, in times when grain is abnormally cheap, the advantage of feeding it largely to stock are clearly seen from the chemist's figures above quoted.

CAKE FOR CATTLE.—Serious complaints are being made that the oil-cakes, both of linseed and cotton-seed, which of late years have been procurable in the public market, are too frequently of an inferior quality. Many brands of cake, although free from impure mixture, are so hard pressed that the percentage of oil is very small. The perfection of the crushing machinery of some of our makers, who are careful enough in only using clean seed, is lowering the value of their cake to farmers. There is also an enormous amount of stale and impure oil-cake offered for sale. This cake is, doubtless, bought from the bigger dealers by less scrupulous persons, who, by touting and low offers, succeed in inducing many farmers to buy.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCE is heavily taxed in the high charges for transport, which were universal, and which even now exist in part, on nearly all lines, except, perhaps, the Great Eastern. A reform in this respect is being claimed as a favour to-day, but the agricultural interest is becoming thoroughly roused upon the subject, and the question may become a demand for a right to-morrow. A table has just been published showing the charges for the carriage of hops on the leading railways, contrasting side by side therewith such charges as alone would—presumably—be legal under the judgment recently given in "Berry v. The Chatham and Dover Railway." The legal charge ranges from three-fourths down to two-fifths of the companies' tariffs, and averages little more than one-half of what is now exacted.

STOCK FEEDING.—With an Imperial average of less than four-and-thirty shillings, it is not surprising that farmers are preparing to use a considerable quantity of wheat upon the farm, whether in the form of wheat meal—a most fattening and useful article for pigs—or of grain artificially sprouted. One obvious disadvantage—which, however, will, we believe, be pretty generally accepted—is that, under the Agricultural Holdings Act, as well as under almost every farm agreement or lease, no claim for compensation can be brought forward with respect to the consumption of such produce. Going direct from the field and barn to the manger and the trough, such

produce is by no means always measured; while, even if measured, vouchers for quantity, and still more for value, would not be such as the landlord could fairly be asked to accept.



I.

THE important article in the *National Review* this month is "The Value of Redistribution," by the Marquis of Salisbury. The paper deals almost entirely with electoral statistics. His lordship contends that if even in 1880 there had been a fair apportionment of seats, the Conservatives would at the General Election in that year have been stronger by thirty-five than they actually were. By enfranchisement without redistribution, the noble Marquis thinks, the Conservative party would lose in all forty-seven seats, counting ninety-four votes on a division in the event of a fresh General Election. He adds, however, "I do not give these computations as in any sense a prediction of the future. The elements of variation and uncertainty, which no computations can ever approximately measure, are too large to make a forecast possible. But these figures do show the momentous significance of the question whether we are to have a redistribution or not; and whether, if we have one, it is to be fair. They show that, whatever the influence of the Conservative party may be, whatever measure of success or failure awaits them, a just solution of the question of redistribution means to them a difference in their favour of some hundred votes in the House of Commons. If there be no fair redistribution, be our party prosperous or unlucky, it appears that in either case we shall be defrauded of from eighty-nine to a hundred and thirty votes to which, on the mere principle of numerical representation, we should have an indefeasible right." The noble Marquis puts his view of the political crisis clearly and powerfully, and deserves to be read carefully by those who desire to know the nature of the grievance against Mr. Gladstone which the Conservatives deem themselves to have.—"Italian Social Life," by A. Gallenga, ascribes a deficiency of moral fibre and manliness in Italians to some extent to the utterly mischievous system of training in vogue for the young in Italy.

President Julius H. Seelye contributes to the *North American Review* a thoughtful paper on "Moral Character in Politics." He comments on the fact that Democrats and Republicans in the States are no longer separated by any question of principle, and that party names have lost their old significance. He then proceeds to descant on the circumstance that President Lincoln, Mr. Gladstone, and Prince Bismarck, three of the most prominent statesmen of modern times, have had their actions motivated by faith in right, and not by expediency. His opinion of Mr. Gladstone, coming as it does across the Atlantic, is interesting. "The most prominent quality of his statesmanship," declares President Seelye, "is its high moral ground. He would control nations as individuals should be controlled—by the highest moral principle. His aims in this respect sometimes seem too high to be attained, and he has not unfrequently been called impractical in his views; but he follows on unflinchingly, confronting questions more difficult than any other statesman of the present hour is forced to meet, but facing them calmly, answering them courageously, as his lofty moral principle directs, believing that nothing is ever settled till it is settled right, and that right and truth and love can settle all things."—Besides this, there are two other excellent papers in this Review, "The Philosophy of Conversion" and "The Origin of Yellow Fever."

In *Harper's* there is little that is new. The more important papers are continuations of articles begun before. Mr. Charles Hildreth, however, gives "A Reminiscence of Mr. Darwin," which confirms the general impression that Mr. Darwin was as amiable and estimable in private life as he was distinguished in the world of science.—The two short stories are rather feeble, and, therefore, not up to the average of *Harper's*.

A very charming descriptive paper appears in *Longman's* this month by James Anthony Froude, entitled "Norway Once More." Mr. Froude is evidently as much at home when describing grand and beautiful scenery as when presenting us with vivid pictures of the men and women of the sixteenth century. He and his friends in a private yacht sought out places unfrequented and uncontaminated by ordinary tourists, and found all that their hearts could desire, especially in the way of fishing. He indulges in political gossip, too. In the Fjords his party heard about the action of the Peers on the Franchise Bill. "For my own particular," says Mr. Froude, "I was conscious of pleasure greater than I had ever expected to receive from any political incident in the remainder of my life. In the first place, it is always agreeable to see men behave courageously. The Peers had refused to walk any more through Courtney with halters about their necks. In the next, it would, one way or another, bring another sham to an end," &c. Then he is off to talk about the bñders, and leaves them again to criticise in terms of unmeasured contempt "Le Père Goriot," which, strangely enough, he now read for the first time. Besides Mr. Froude's paper, there is much good matter in *Longman's*.

"John Cann's Treasure," in *Cornhill*, is a weird story, very much on the same psychological lines as "The Curate of Churnside" in the last number. The author is singularly ingenious, too, in producing a succession of surprises. "The Sanatorium of the Southern Ocean" is a well-written account of Auckland, New Zealand.

"THE GRAPHIC" IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.—Our artist, Mr. H. H. Johnston, writes on July 11th from Chagga, Kilimanjaro:—"I am just sending this letter by an unexpected chance to the coast to let you know of my safe arrival and advantageous settlement on the slopes of this magnificent mountain. I have been here about three weeks, or little more, and thoroughly enjoy the cool and bracing climate—so different from the damp heat of Zanzibar. I have presented several coloured prints from *The Graphic* to Mandara, the ruling chief of Chagga, and with the most happy effect. His walled hut is now hung with 'Cherry Ripe' and other Christmas plates. Whenever Mandara sends me an ox to eat or a cow to milk I return the more aesthetic gift of 'A Type of Beauty,' or some whimsical drawing by Caldecott. As Mandara is shrewdly speculative, when he has feasted his eyes on your productions he does not allow his wives to keep them—save one or two—but trades them again into the interior, so that some of your plates, could they speak, would have strange travels to tell of, and will have penetrated certainly where no reader of *The Graphic* has ever been. Might I ask for an occasional current number to be sent to my address at Zanzibar? You have no idea what interest these savages take in your wood-cuts—especially when such things as trains, steamers, &c., are illustrated. I like this country immensely. I have got an estate here (purchased for 300 yards of cloth, six handkerchiefs, and a bag of beads), which many an English nobleman might envy—if it could only be transported bodily to an Englishshire. In my 'garden' two waterfalls, respectively seventy and forty feet high, dash through rocks tapestried with maiden-hair ferns, and magnificent forests clothe the sides of the ravines, wherein I pass the heat of the day. My house is built 5,000 feet above sea level, and 3,000 above the neighbouring plains, and I enjoy a temperature comparable to that of a Devonshire summer."

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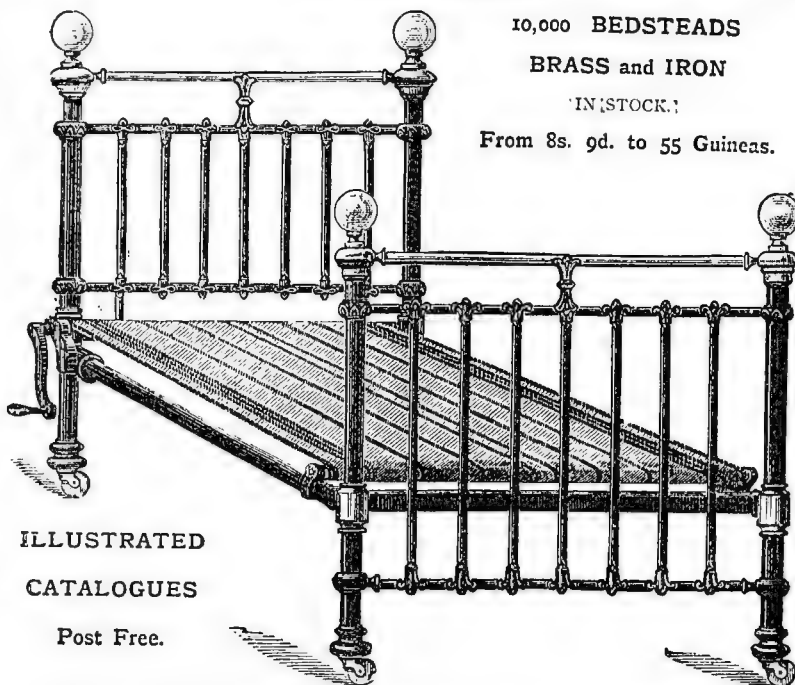
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Court Pian

OLD AND YOUNG EGYPT

In Two Parts—Part I. The Town.

DRAWN AND WRITTEN BY H. H. JOHNSTON, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S., AFRICAN EXPLORER AND AUTHOR OF "THE RIVER CONGO."

THE GREAT METROPOLIS OF ENGLAND; Naples, the Queen and centre of the Mediterranean; Bombay and Allahabad, Peking and Stamboul have all of them in turn been cited as examples of crowded humanity, but now that I have seen Cairo I would fain add the capital of Egypt to this list of great cities wherein the overflowing population is a great flux, an ever-surging human stream which fills the broad thoroughfares and narrow alleys of the town, covers all its open spaces, and is as susceptible to varying movement and unvarying ebb and flow as the ocean filling the pools and channels of a sandy shore in its recurring tides.

The capital of Egypt in itself and its surroundings sums up the diverse characteristics of its country, and has some sign to show of most periods of its history. From the Pyramids of Gizeh to the Opera House of modern Cairo there are relics of every epoch and of many successive rulers. Moreover, in Cairo extremes meet. You can see streets built in quarter, whose architecture dates from the rule of Saïadin. You find part of the town which recalls the transitional period of enough to dominate the East, and when the East had become the citadel, the Great Pyramid is easily discerned; amid the

purely French style, and recalling the environs of Paris, adjoining the Arab have a Jewish quarter in the most orthodox Ghetto style, and a Levant-Mahomedan and Christian intercourse, before the West had grown strong weak enough to tolerate Frankish traders in its midst. From the heights of rubbish heaps which mark the site of a former pre-Mahomedan Cairo, Roman and Byzantine coins may be gleaned; within the older mosques you may dream of bygone Saracenic splendour and perished Arab Art, and then with a leap find yourself in the reading-room of the Khedivial Club, or deciphering the latest telegrams posted at "Shepherd's."

So also in its population does Cairo offer every type, and seems to be cosmopolitan and of no special nationality. In its street crowds may be seen of Copts, Arabs, Moors of Barbary, Turks, Jews, Negroes, Nubians, Syrians, Levantines, Greeks, Maltese, Albanians, Armenians, Wallachians, Italians, French, and Anglo-Saxons, these latter represented by the American tourist and the British soldier. But where are the Egyptians amid this Babel of languages and tribes? Where, indeed, unless the Copts, the descendants of the Hellenised, Romanised Egyptians of yore may be so called. Not the Arabs nor the Turks, who are invaders like ourselves; nor the Albanian mercenaries, nor the Armenian adventurers who have risen to many high places; nor the negro eunuchs, or freed slaves from the Soudan, nor the Levantine nondescript, whose European parentage probably dates from the white captives of the Mamelukes. No, Cairo is but a type in little of what Egypt is as a whole: a congeries of nations and a country without a nationality. Even its diversities of character find independent representatives throughout the land. Do you crave for a purely European city such as the Frankish faubourgs of Cairo foreshadow? Then go to Ismailiah, or Port Said, or Ramleh. Alexandria is a giant example of what a Levantine town may be, but the Levantine part of Cairo is the same in style though not in degree. Even old towns like Rosetta and Damietta, with traces of Venetian and Genoese influence in their architecture, find their analogues in certain Cairene streets, and no pure Arab town can be more purely Arab in its mosques and bazaars and narrow, crooked lanes than Arab Cairo.

But despite this want of homogeneity, we still hear of the "Modern Egyptians," and to those who do not know the Egypt of to-day I will try and show what is meant by the appellation. Firstly, however, I would point out that there is, in spite of the many diverse elements which compose it, a certain outward resemblance of manners and mode of living in the town population which distinguishes it effectually from the country people, or the inhabitants of the small rural hamlets. Just as the creatures of the air, though radically different in their individual origin, acquire, by a similarity of habits and pursuits, peculiarities in common, which distinguish them from the denizens of the water, so between the town and country people of Egypt may a line of distinction be drawn, and therefore in giving you my brief impressions of this land I have thought it better to contrast "Town and Country," and sometimes to supplement these terms by "New and Old."

Let me begin my brief review of these "Modern Egyptians" by a few words about their present ruler, who is almost the only man amongst them who has any right to his nationality. One day, some forty odd years ago, the ex-Khédive Ismail (then only an aspirant to the Egyptian throne), was going to the bath, and saw on the way a handsome Arab woman to whom he took a passing fancy. She was added to his harem, and after a year or so gave birth to a son, called Mohammed Taufik,* who, on his father's deposition, became the present Khédive. He was never greatly in Ismail's favour for various reasons, and one cause, perhaps, was the very one which has gained him the sympathy of his present subjects, namely, that he, Taufik, was not the son of some favoured, pampered Circassian woman or Georgian slave, but the "child of a Fellah woman," by which name he is often called by his poorer subjects at the present time. Thus Taufik, having some so-called Egyptian blood in his veins, and being related through his mother with the people of the soil, is the first ruler Egypt has had for centuries who has been in any way "autochthonous." His predecessors were hybrid Albanians, Turks, and Circassians, and looked upon Egypt as a foreign country to be plundered, though at the same time, to do them justice, it must be remembered that their want of nationality prevented them from being narrow fanatics, and induced them, even in "exploiting" the country, to throw it open to civilisation, and do much to bridge over the gulf between East and West.

Mohammed Taufik is a handsome man with an Arab type of face, but his inactive life has unfortunately made him somewhat stout, and spoilt the carriage of what was otherwise a well-proportioned frame. He has most pleasant laughing eyes, and a mouth with a sympathetic mobility about it. His tastes are markedly simple. He does not even smoke—strange abstinence for an Oriental; and he will tell you in laughing tones what a saving in his daily expenses he thus effects. Nor does he drink, nor gamble—moreover, he has but one wife. I was going to add—"and no slaves;" but I recollect me that this is not quite exact. He has some old servitors, or slaves, whom he has repeatedly freed, but who insist on remaining in the servile condition, finding it much

* Not "Tewfik," as we incorrectly spell and pronounce it.

easier thus to enjoy *dolce far niente* at their kindly master's expense. The present Khédive keeps a retinue of but sixty servants, whereas his father and predecessor kept four hundred. He is sadly encumbered with the hundred and one useless palaces which Ismail left behind him. These latter cost millions to build, and need thousands to keep up. The materials of which they are composed, being principally lath and

present he is right, for Art is a luxury and not a necessity in our lives.

To sum up the highest of "Modern Egyptians," it may be said that on the whole he is the best. Perhaps less suited for these troublous times than for the bygone days of Eastern supremacy, when Taufik would have stood out as some of the gentler Caliphs of Bagdad or Cordova have done, who succeeding, perhaps, to the reign of their conqueror-fathers, infused into their harassed people a temporary feeling of happy prosperity and learned ease. Still, should ever Arab literature and learning grow again, it may quite as likely attribute its renaissance to the schools of Taufik, "the son of the Fellah woman," as to the vehement exhortations of English enthusiasts, or the initiative of Mahomedan adventurers.

Having considered the head of the Egyptian State, how shall I proceed to expeditiously discuss its minor officers? I have read somewhere of a new application of photography, by which on one plate many impressions of different faces could be superimposed in such a manner that by reducing all extremes you might produce one average type of face that all the fused portraits should go to make. Let me deal so and briefly with the usual type of Egyptian Minister. Whoever be in power, he is certain *not* to be an Egyptian. A Turk, an Armenian, a Syrian, a Circassian, or a Levantine he may be; still, fused together after the fashion of the photographs, he will appear thus: A man of about forty, of full presence inclining to slight, but only slight corpulence, with a large face and a dead white or *mât* complexion; with a heavy brown, or grey, or black

you sit on a sofa covered with white holland to protect—let us hope to hide—the gaudy green and orange velveteen of its original covering.

The room in which the Pasha sits is far, far from the ideal of what an Eastern reception-room should be. Since how long have Oriental statesmen given up the fashion of receiving Frankish visitors in the style and manner depicted for us in Benjamin Constant's pictures, or



AN EMPLOYÉ WHO HAS BEEN
EDUCATED IN FRANCE



AN EMPLOYÉ WHO HAS NOT

plaster and French wall-papers, would not pay for pulling down and putting up for sale; all the money which was spent on them being principally represented by expensive labour and the exactions of French contractors. The palaces are too ugly to let, and too much out of repair to inhabit, and too much ruined to be worth repairing; but somehow Taufik cannot reconcile himself to the heroic plan of pulling them down, and selling or leasing the now valuable sites they occupy.

The present Khédive's most earnest interest lies in the spread of education among his people. He fosters every form of instruction, and even initiates many improvements in native schools. His own sons are sent to Eton to be educated. The Khédive himself is far from unlearned and unread, and his knowledge of geography is especially good. He speaks English and French, besides Arabic, which is, in his case, his native tongue. Unfortunately he lacks all taste for, and interest in, the beauties of Saracenic architecture, and is content to sit and dwell amid the horrid relics of his father's reign: the gilded chairs and frames and cornices, the glaring carpets and the crimson velveteen couches, the painted Cupids and nosegays, the heterogeneous assemblage of tawdry *articles de Paris*, and the general climax of bad taste or no taste which to poor Ismail seemed perfection, because it came to him through French channels. Artists may forgive the ex-Khédive his many



YOUNG EGYPT—A PASHA'S SON

in the pages of Shaw and Lane? Since when is the Hall of Ambassadors, with its fretted ceiling of carved woodwork, its gorgeous pendentives, its many subtly-woven colours, texts from the Koran, glazed-tile dados of glowing tints, marble floors, and Persian carpets—since when has this noble audience-chamber of the bygone Beys and Pashas been given up for the vulgar, tawdry, tasteless reception-room of the modern Oriental Ministries? The East should have perished nobly, sternly refusing to modify its unchanging habits. This bastard fusing with Western civilisation is far more saddening to my mind than the wicked old barbarous fashions of the older Orient. Let Egypt be governed by England, and in going to call on the Anglo-Egyptian Minister I shall feel no shudder at being received in a regular "Foreign Office" room—high ceiling, coffee-coloured walls, plain leather chairs, mahogany table, and Turkey carpet. But while Egypt remains Egyptian, or in other words is still governed by Mussulman rulers, I confess it saddens me to enter a Government bureau at the present day, and be confronted by a French wall-paper of exceptional ugliness, preposterously imitating lace curtains looped-up with nosegays or bunches of grapes and vine-leaves—or of any other design loud in colour and most distracting to the eyes. Then to see the ceiling cheaply painted with Cupids or roses, or wild twirligigs, which suggest that the decorator had used up all his old free-hand drawings at a School of Art; to have one's eye sickened by tarnished, fly-spotted gilding, bad mirrors, imitation marble slabs and brackets, ornolu clocks, Brussels carpets, and



A SOLDIER

moustache, which serves to hide the duplicity of the mouth with its too-smiling teeth, its full lips, and its uncontrollable habit of saying "Mon cher." His eyes will be large, black, with long lashes, and unsoundable, having in them an expression of excessive sweetness, which, like too much sugar in anything to eat or drink, effectually drowns the real flavour. These eyes will never look at you otherwise than sweetly; even though the mouth and nose may express insulting languor still the glances from the slightly screwed-up eyes will seem as honeyed as if they had retained the sole power of smiling. Does this come from a long-inherited power of glozing over bad thoughts with winning looks and sunny glances? The Minister's cheeks and chin and throat will be blue with an ever-shaven beard; his hair will be cut like any European's. On his head is the eternal, unremovable fez, and his body is arrayed in a black frock coat (for ordinary occasions) of a slightly *passé* fashion, a waistcoat cut low, an imposing shirt front, trousers of no particular shape or eccentricity, and patent leather boots with imitation gaiters and pointed toes. Such is his general outward presentment—unless he be dining out, when he is covered with decorations, or at a lawn-tennis party, when he is horrible to behold in a French-made tennis costume—and thus arrayed in frock coat and fez—the ordinary Turkish or Stamboulina dress—he receives you seated in his bureau, where he draws you to him with a warm and pulpy hand, and makes



AN OLD FEY

exactions and Oriental vagaries, but what they can never pardon is the fact that, where Ismail had millions to squander, he preferred to enrich the designers of French *cafés* rather than to create or provoke a renaissance of Saracenic Art. His son and successor, alas! has but little to spend; but where he is able to assist, it is rather in teaching his subjects to read and write than in making mosaics or designing a minaret; and, perhaps, for the

gaudy curtains, is to wish either that the Mahdi might seize upon Egypt and reproduce for us the picturesque side of an Eastern despotism—where his Minister or Vizier would receive you in a Saracenic apartment, with a half-tame leopard crouched by his side, black slaves handing you coffee, and miscreants being beheaded or flogged outside—or that Egypt might be, as it must be and will be,

wholly governed by England, and when you call on an Egyptian Minister you will be received by a frank and upright English gentleman, in a highly respectable, austere-furnished room. But after this digression as to present Ministerial taste and environ-

ment, let us hastily conclude our slight sketch of the Egyptian Minister of to-day. There is little more to be said about him. His conversation is rarely interesting or vivacious, unless you treat of Paris and of French delights. He has perhaps his polite hobby—billiards, if his sympathies incline to France; lawn tennis, if he thinks it advisable to be an Anglophile. He speaks French admirably, English indifferently well, and if you pause to consider him carefully you will find two questions difficult to answer: whether he has any "heart" (in the metaphorical sense of affection, sensibility, honour, patriotism) and any native tongue? Arabic is to him a foreign language, however glibly he may speak it. What was the language of his childhood? Armenian, Turkish, Greek, or some scarce-known, isolated speech of the Caucasus? Queer problems these men are. *They* patriots! *They* Egyptians! They are either freed slaves from foreign climes; agile, unscrupulous adventurers; or the descendants of peddling Levantine shopkeepers. They are powerful only by their ill-gotten gains and adventitious influence. This one has secured to himself the control and monopoly of the water-supply to some teeming city, and though his pipes may be diffusing diluted sewage, the water his company supplies must not be too closely analysed *because* the Pasha is in power. That one has obtained the gasworks concession or the sole sale of certain tobacco or of Lager beer, and each has managed during his few months' term of office to grab at some means of securing his wealth and influence in his adopted country. And when the Egyptian Minister has gone a little too far, and pressure from without induces him to resign, and he has to address a letter to his "chers collègues" assuring them it is only from motives of single-minded self-effacement that he withdraws from the Government of "our unhappy country," he does so with the comforting knowledge that although he has been in office but a few days, he will as an Egyptian Minister be entitled to a pension of £5,000 a year for the rest of his life.

Descending in the scale of social rank, we come to other types of "Modern Egyptians" belonging to the great "Effendi" class—Government *employés*, sons of rich Pashas, in fact, what may be known as "Young Egypt." These are mostly young men who have acquired a European education either in France or Egypt, and who mostly strive to make themselves as like Parisians as possible. They are often fat, always lazy, smoke many cigarettes, are wretched creatures on horseback, can't walk, for the reason that they wear tight patent-leather boots, read nothing but French novels, drink bad champagne when they can get it, are polite, untruthful, timid, indolent, heartless, soulless, unclean, and half-educated. Such is "Young Egypt," such the class who have faintly cried "Egypt for the Egyptians," viz., for themselves and their own misdeeds. Such, with a few honourable exceptions, is the type of Government *employés* which has been cast with loathing from the misgoverned Soudan; and finally such are the worthless servants of the State whom British supervision is dismissing and supplanting, and who alone from self-interest and revenge cry out against an English Protectorate.

There are a few *employés*, principally of a lower grade to those just described, and with more Arab blood in their veins, who also, and for different motives, dislike English rule. These are often found in the Railway and Telegraph Administrations. They are on the whole not bad fellows; frugal, honest, respectful, who work well and pray devoutly—that the infidel English may leave the country. They are often to be seen in the mosques at the hours of

prayer, looking askance at the chattering English tourist, and suppressing evidently what they would openly say about his irreverence, did they not wear official uniform. These people, with a little education and a still burning faith, are almost the only source of

depreciation, and we fear to enforce ourselves, or our mother-tongue, on other nationalities. But do we not carry it a little too far sometimes? I can understand that it would be unwise in South Africa to insist on every native speaking English, or to determine that the Arabs should do the same in Egypt; but since some European tongue must be made an official language, why should we yield to the Dutch or the French? It makes one indignant to see French held up as the official language for Europeans in Egypt. In what is English inferior? Is it not fully as widely understood in the East? Do Frenchmen show the same consideration for Italian or English in the Mediterranean lands they occupy, wherein these two tongues have hitherto held sway?

In many parts of Lower Egypt the rivalry between the French and English is as keen as ever. In some towns, like Alexandria or Zagazig, a Frenchman can hardly hold up his head, while at places like Ismailia an Englishman feels on arriving, even at the Railway Station, quite "out of it," and has a vague instinct that he must be very polite and subservient to every Frenchman he meets, or he will be made in some way to suffer for it. Cairo and Suez are divided. The town of Suez is hotly English or Anglo-Indian, while the new and handsome settlement called "Port Ibrahim," two miles off, is as ardently French. Cairo is at present dominated by the English owing to the occupation and the consequent influx of English society, and also from the never-failing stream of British and American tourists; but French influence is only scotched, not killed. In spite of a faint attempt to play lawn-tennis on the part of various Government officials one sees that the whole system and spirit which animates the ruling "Egyptians" is fatally French; and no wonder, when nearly all the present people of any rank or importance have been educated in France. I do not know that they particularly love the idea of French rule, but their only idea of civilised life has been derived from French sources. But England's great power in Egypt lies in her tourists. The great tourist agencies deserve as much credit for spreading abroad the influence and power of the English name as the most costly, gallant, or adventurous expeditions our soldiers and sailors have ever carried out. Through her tourists, England is slowly and peaceably gathering the world in her web. Wherever they go they spread English customs, English cleanliness, English money, and the English tongue. So in Upper Egypt it is wonderful to hear how the ragged urchins, almost the very babies, have picked up elementary words of our language, and how they comprehend, and no longer wonder at, the eccentric tastes of the "Ingilis genelman and Ingilis la-dee." But English influence or direct rule has yet much to do in Egyptian towns. Their worst feature is what is euphoniously known as "an entire absence of sanitary reform," which means that every wayside and open square and narrow alley is made foul and unwholesome with unnameable filth. The white vultures and the kites and crows, together with the houseless curs, do much to clear away the most eatable forms of refuse, and the desiccating influence of the dry air helps to render innocuous the emanations from the rotting filth; but still there often arise noisome smells in the narrower streets and blind alleys of the



ROSETTA FROM THE NILE



danger to our rule in Egypt. They would have the courage of their opinions which the miserable Europeanised citizen would not. They inspire the various

native Arab papers, and they would back up any one like Arabi or the Mahdi who came with the purpose of restoring Islam to its pristine glory; though it is not from these so much that one will hear the cry "Egypt for the Egyptians," for they do not seem to care particularly for an Egyptian nationality, but rather to be governed by Mussulmans and re-establish some Moslem *régime*.

It is curious that in the Egyptian towns there should be lacking a true Arab upper class, or indeed any upper class of independent native gentry at all. The rulers, governors, and officials are mostly mongrel Turks, or belonging to the various vagrant nationalities already catalogued, and again these can hardly be looked upon as gentry. It is only as one begins to approach the merchant class, or the superior shopkeepers, that you find people nearly Arab in race and breeding, save certain dignitaries of religion, such as the Sheikh-ul-Islam, who may be said to represent fragments of an Arab nobility. In the shop-keepers and traders of the great towns lie the soundest and hopefulest part of the city population. Too shrewd to be fanatics, too independent to be servile, they offer a better nucleus of a nationality than the ignorant fellahs or the lazy worthless Turkish hybrids. They are frugal, industrious, and polished; send their children to school; and themselves debate the questions of the day with much intelligence and common sense. They sympathise with the English through their commercial interests, dislike the French, and look askance at native rule. They have in them the making of a healthy and prosperous *bourgeoisie*. The lower classes in the great cities, the artisans, porters, coachmen, and servants, resemble in many characteristics the country people, and like them are docile, quiet, painstaking, and easily governed. The "donkey boys" are worthy of especial praise. They are smart, intelligent, untiring, and sober. Their power of bearing fatigue is great, and ought to render them fitted to make useful postmen and couriers. They are English "to a boy" in their political sympathies, and their power of acquiring and spreading our tongue is surprising. Indeed, as a general rule it may be said that the lower classes in Egypt know no other European tongue but English, and the upper classes none but French. A Frenchman must speak Arabic or English to a donkey boy, and an Englishman is obliged to communicate with all Government officials in French.

Nowadays we are going through a slight fit of national self-



THE OLD VENETIAN GATEWAY TO ROSETTA

towns, even in Cairo itself, which render it necessary for the passing stranger to close his nostrils and hurry by. The rubbish heaps, moreover, attract and breed the myriad flies with which Egypt has been plagued before and since the days of Moses.

Outside nearly every Egyptian town may be seen great stagnant pools of water, probably remains of the yearly inundation of the Nile. These are covered with green slime, and are the repository of dead cats and dogs, but frequently contain a dead buffalo or rotting horse. The men and boys bathe there, and thence the drinking-water for the town is constantly procured. Even when the people have wells, they communicate with cesspools. The

marvel is, therefore, that the cholera visits Egypt so little, and you can only suppose that the people are so accustomed from long habit to drinking diluted sewage, that they are, so to speak, inoculated with choleraic germs.

The principal building material in most Egyptian towns in the Delta is red brick. Whether the bricks are still manufactured, or whether they are wholly procured from ruined cities, I do not know. Some time ago a decree had to be issued to stop the trade in red bricks from Rosetta, because the people were simply pulling all the older buildings to pieces to sell their bricks. Fine stone seems to be quarried in the mountains which border the Nile Valley, and a town of any size generally has its mosque of stone, not of brick or cement. There are generally three buildings of importance in the minor towns: the principal mosque, the Coptic church, and the "Bosta," or post-office. The encircling walls are usually mud-built; so also are the curious "pigeon towers," giant pigeon-houses wherein the many doves make their abode, and accumulate the manure which is so largely used throughout Egypt.

I have already touched upon the different types of town in this country,—how Alexandria is like a great Levantine or Mediterranean city, with its blazing white streets, its attractive shops, its billiard-rooms and *cafés*; how Ramleh resembles in some ways an English suburb, with its domesticity, its lawn-tennis, its afternoon-tea, and scandal; and how Ismaïlia is a French town to the core. But there are one or two half-forgotten places which are worth a few words of further description before I finish my *résumé* of town-life in Egypt. Of such is Rosetta, situated near the western mouth of the Nile. This river, by-the-by, is generally credited with seven mouths, but, as a matter of fact, it has only two. About twenty-five miles below Cairo, the Nile splits into two branches, called the Rosetta and the Damietta Niles, because they enter the sea at or about these places. Both Rosetta and Damietta were originally built where the river entered the sea; but the constant extension of the Nile delta into the Mediterranean has caused the cities to stand at the present time some few miles from the coast. These two cities, first known to us from the Venetians, who have Italianised their names, are called severally, in Arabic, "Rashid" and "Damiad." They both exhibit traces of Venetian and even Genoese architecture, and at Damietta many of the old commercial houses of the Venetians are still standing. Rosetta has a slight trade in rice and cotton; but it wears a sadly moribund look. These two towns, together with Suez, would seem destined by their influential sites to become as important in the future as they were in the past: Suez, at the entrance to the Maritime Canal, serving as the *entrepôt* whence Egypt is served with Eastern trade, and Rosetta and Damietta, each at the mouth of the Nile, with free, unchecked water communication between Upper Egypt and the Mediterranean. And yet it is not so. Their population dwindles, their buildings fall in ruin, and their quays are weed-grown. At Rosetta there are barracks, quite deserted (save at the time of Arabi's rebellion), capable of accommodating 20,000 men, and other buildings for cavalry, only occupied by a slight guard of mounted police. At Rosetta there are fine stone quays and landing-places unoccupied, save by wandering dogs and many black-and-white kingfishers. These cities are among many examples of what might be restored to affluence and prosperity under a good and energetic Government in Egypt, whose security of rule would attract capital to the country.

An interesting specimen of an Egyptian town which is almost Arab is Tantah, about half-way between Cairo and Alexandria. Here there is a biennial fair; but once a year the fair is distinguished by a curious survival of Phallic worship. Even at the very railway station certain ancient emblems are sold, though their origin and meaning are forgotten, and for several days the wildest excesses take place.

Other towns with picturesque architecture are Minieh and Assiut, in Upper Egypt. This latter place has over 60,000 inhabitants, and is one of the few faratical towns in Egypt. Here the Mahdi's party is, or was at the time of my visit, very strong. A force of 700 English soldiers were camped out at a distance of four miles to keep the 60,000 disaffected in order! Assiut had until recently a trade across the Desert with certain oases in the Sahara, and also caravans travelling backwards and forwards to Darfur. It is eleven hours' journey from Cairo by railway, and is the starting-point of the Nile steamers for the Second Cataract. Our soldiers were sent there none too soon, for to lose Assiut would be almost as serious as losing Cairo.

The townspeople in Egypt as a whole are docile and law-abiding. They need very little police supervision, save where there is a large European admixture in the population. A great number in the cities are able to read and write in Arabic. The Copts, on the whole, are better educated than the Mahomedans are, and in the Coptic houses you may see many treatises on history and geography issued by the Beirut press. These, and other works of education, are issued by the Jesuits at Beirut, who also print a translation of the Bible in Arabic for the use of the Copts. There is also a national "Khédivial" press in Cairo for printing and publishing all kinds of cheap and useful literature in Arabic for the use of the Moslem

population. This press has also issued of late cheap grammars of English for the use of Arab students wishing to acquire our tongue, and also, *vice versa*, cheap grammars of Arabic, so that the British soldier may learn to chat with the Egyptians. There is a considerable native literature issued at Cairo, but of a very obscure character. The Arabian Nights nowadays seem quite forgotten by these degenerate Easterns, who, as soon as they can read French, rush at and devour French novels of the lowest type.

Alas and alas! Is Arab learning, Arab literature, Arab architecture dead, and hopeless of a resurrection? It is sad to reply "Yes," but an affirmative answer seems the only true one in Egypt. Arab scribes nowadays seem incapable of writing anything beyond feeble, silly, and obscene tales, with much reiteration and little point, or elementary educational primers, often translated from a French source. Mahomedanism seems paralysed. The spun-out commentaries and reflections on the Koran appear to have come to an end, and they were at one time the prevailing kind of Moslem literature. I went to the Mosque of El Azhar while in Cairo, which is almost the only remaining Mahomedan University. How were the mighty fallen! A few years ago I could not probably have viewed it save under an elaborate disguise, or else by the special favour of those in high places. Now entry was easy and commonplace with an ordinary "mosque ticket" from your Consulate and a trifling backsheesh. Our guide was a garrulous old man, who gave us abundant details in reply to every question quite beyond our comprehension in his rapid Arabic, but still I gathered from him that there were about a thousand students in the University,

inlaid marble, with dados of painted tiles, or a *mihrab* of fretted woodwork surmounted by a fairy cupola.

This was the most beautiful part of El Azhar, and I turned from it with regret. We next entered a great open court provided with fountains; the ordinary ablution court of a mosque. Here were assembled a large number of students belonging, we were told, to the poorer class. They all of them held flat slips of tin, on which they were writing with reed pens. Beyond this again there were other unused wings of the building—side chapels, as it were, full of beautiful and ancient Saracenic decoration. A *kublah* in one of these empty class-rooms was a perfect gem in design and colour, being worked with inlaid marbles of different tints. A somewhat similar one in another part of the building, which is still used as a mosque, I give in the illustration below. A part of El Azhar was being restored or rebuilt, and I am glad to say the restoration was in good taste, and conforming to the general style of the building. Restoration in nearly all the finest mosques of Cairo is sadly needed. In the rare cases in which it has been performed it has been done slovenly and in miserable taste. In the Grand Mosque of Sultan Hassan the pendentives and the fountains in the court are falling into pitiable decay. Opposite this old mosque a brand-new one is in process of construction, at the cost of a princess of the Khédivial family. This lady preferred to build an entirely new mosque at a great cost rather than spend her hoards in restoring old ones. Needless to say, her new building is hideous in design, but what is even worse, now that its completion is near at hand, it has been discovered that the foundations are weak, and unable to support the structure, consequently the Egyptian lady's piety and pence have been thrown away!

Mehemet Ali, the founder of the present reigning family, seems to have been the first to neglect and despise Saracenic architecture. He built a most costly mosque in the citadel, still called by his

name. It is principally composed of alabaster, and is styled in the guide-books as "rich and handsome." If plenty of gilding and meretricious ornament can make it so, it is; but to any one with a pure taste it is execrable. The style is Turco-Byzantine—the beginning of the end. Had it been built by Ismail it would have been Late French, as illustrated in some of the finer Continental *cafés* and *Établissements des Bains*.

Do not think that in condemning "Modern Egyptian" taste I am finding fault with the French. It is no fault of theirs if they have been servilely copied in their domestic architecture by the past and the present *régime* in Egypt.

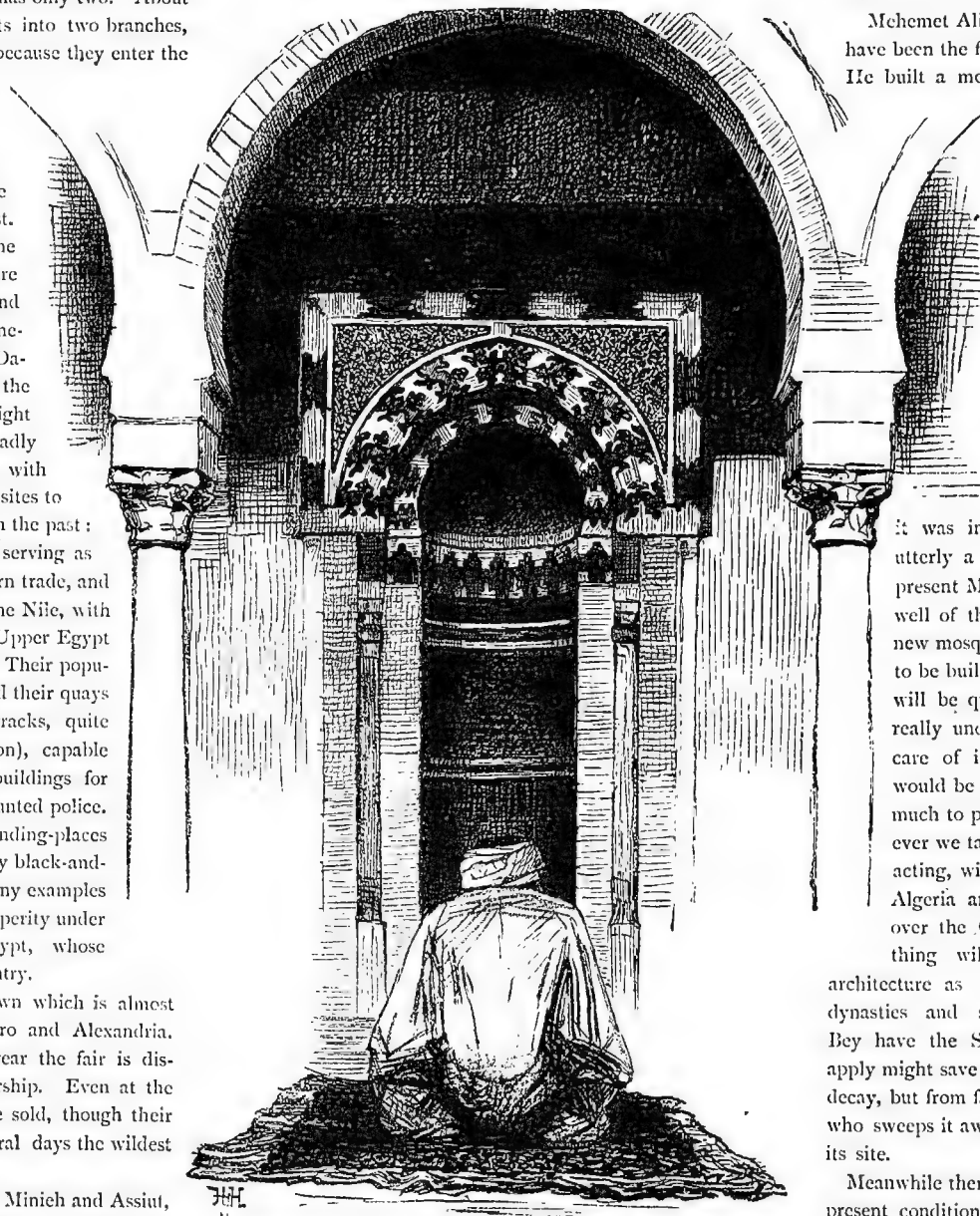
Imitation is the sincerest flattery; and as such it was intended by the ex-Khédivé, who is entirely and utterly a Frenchman at heart. Probably to-morrow the present Minister of Public Works, hoping thereby to deserve well of the English Government, may decree that all the new mosques, schools, railway stations, and public baths are to be built in the Queen Anne style; and his unconscious sin will be quite as heavy as that of Ismail's. Were Egypt really under French rule, I have no doubt the same jealous care of its monuments and ancient styles of architecture would be seen as in Algeria, where the French have done much to preserve every relic of Saracenic Art. So whenever we take heart, and resolve to act in Egypt as France is acting, without any national scruples or faint-heartedness, in Algeria and Tunis—whenever we really and avowedly take over the Government of the Nile Valley, doubtless something will be done for the perishing glories of Arab architecture as we do without grudging for the remains of dynasties and styles in India. Already such men as Rogers Bey have the Saracenic cause at heart, and had they funds to apply might save many a marvel of beauty, not only from natural decay, but from falling into the hands of the building contractor, who sweeps it away that he may erect a *café* or a set of chambers on its site.

Meanwhile there is much to sadden and much to encourage in the present condition of Egyptian towns. In the mosques decay and ruin; mosaics imperfect, with lost pieces unreplaced; marble columns chipped by tourists to provide mementoes; domes and cupolas showing the wooden lath work of their structure; wooden ceilings, rich in carving, torn down and sold to house-furnishers; minarets tottering and unsafe—everything that the most ingenious art can scarce replace going swiftly to ruin;—in the public offices cigarettes, coffee, and obstinate obstruction; sinecures existing to provide for the favourite slaves, eunuchs, or sons-in-law of the influential Pashas; French intrigues, Italian intrigues, Greek intrigues; jobs, bribes, deceit, fawning, flattery, Jacks-in-office flogging and robbing the poor peasants still.

Then, on the other hand, a quaking in high quarters!—firm English hands laid on the police, the army, the sanitary inspectorships, the railways, the telegraph; an unexpected inquiry into old abuses by people showing an unexpected knowledge of the language, and an inconvenient activity, ubiquity, and imperviousness to bribes. But perhaps the most cheering sign of all, as you stand aside, half-choked with dust, in some Egyptian thoroughfare, to let the carriage of a fat-faced, yellow-faced Pasha pass by, is to see trotting on behind him, like an unconscious Nemesis, the British soldier, bestriding the Egyptian donkey.

H. H. JOHNSTON

(To be continued)



IN THE MOSQUE OF EL AZHAR, CAIRO

rich and poor. There is a separation made between the two classes, according to the fees paid, and the courses of lectures attended. Those who were studying were of all ages, from little boys to grown men. In one class-room were a number of youths evidently, by their dress, of superior station, squatted in a circle round a learned old sheikh, who was rapidly reading to them in a shrill voice extracts from some treatise he held in his hand. The students were inattentive, and broke off, when we entered, to talk to us. They freely showed us the manuals they held before them, and were delighted if we deciphered occasional words here and there. Meanwhile, their teacher rattled on with his declamation, and presently we left them to enter a large hall, perhaps the body of the ancient mosque, where a number of small boys were droning their lessons. This was a beautiful scene. Picture a smaller Mosque of Cordova, with the same maze of pillars forming long grey arcades; the small windows of painted glass, through which long rays of sunlight stole and played on the paved floor in dabbings of orange and purple, or lit up with brilliant aureoles the red fezes of a group of boys; then here and there a lovely niche, an exquisite *mihrab* or a *kublah* of



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"How are you, Dollie? You grow prettier, child, every time I see you."

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

AN UGLY WARNING

CUTHBERT ELLISTON has returned from Newmarket by no means the better either in temper or pocket for the excursion. The successes of last year so far show no signs of being repeated, and although there is plenty of time yet before the termination of year's racing for fortune to turn, Elliston feels unaccountably nervous and uneasy about the future. He cannot divest himself of the idea that Gerald is destined to work his ruin. He has been perilously near that consummation upon more than one occasion, and looked it unflinchingly in the face, extricating himself from his difficulties by some not very scrupulous piece of audacity; but, like all gamblers, he was superstitious. All racing men know what it is to "strike a streak of bad luck." Now there are times when it seems impossible for them to win, do what they may; and they are all prone to account for it by some adverse influence. One well-known owner of an extensive training establishment I remember, who firmly believed that no luck would attend his jacket if the silk was not of the exact hue. A shade too dark, or too light, he believed to be fatal; and the material was invariably procured from a particular shop in Paris.

We all know how a jockey loves, if possible, in a big race to don an old jacket for luck—to wear at Epsom the garment in which he has already snatched the Blue Ribbon for his employer. Cuthbert Elliston could not shake off the feeling that Gerald in the saddle meant disaster to him—Elliston. His letters lie by his plate unopened, and his tea is still untouched, as he moodily turns over the pages of a small morocco-bound volume which contains the records of the past week's transactions; does the Recording Angel keep a grimmer ledger than those dainty little books present at times for some of us?—I trow not.

"Yes, I've a good bit of money to find for this afternoon," he muttered, "and I ought to have been a winner, too; but my luck's clean out. They always run good seconds when I back them; whenever I see that young whelp's black face I know I shan't do right. Who the devil could have thought when I hurled that taunt at him at Cranley, and recommended him to turn pad-groom or gamekeeper, that he would take to race riding for his living, and that Bill Greyson, of all men, should be the one to give him his first

mount, and that it should be on a horse of mine. Now for these," and he turned to his letters. "Hum! 'In great want of money—begs to forward his Michaelmas account;' as if there ever was anyone who wasn't in great want of money. 'Will I put young Rattleton up for the Pantheon?' Well, I suppose I must. It won't matter; supercilious young beast! I'll take very good care he don't get in. 'Pibroch is galloping great guns; keep your eye on him at Goodwood. They mean business with him in one of the handicaps.—Yours truly, Joe Stubbs.' He's a sharp fellow in his vocation, Stubbs, and his hint's worth attending to. I suppose my cursed cousin will have the mount. Ah! what the deuce can this blue envelope, addressed in such formal handwriting, mean? Looks rather like a lawyer's letter; post mark, York. It isn't Pearson's handwriting. I mistrust such documents;" and, as he spoke, he tore open the letter:—

"Parliament Street, York.

"DEAR SIR,—

"As I am authorised by Gerald Rockingham to administer the estate of his father, the late Alistair Rockingham, I must call your attention to sundry bills of yours, long since due, amounting, with interest thereon at five per cent., to an aggregate of 6,847*l*. I enclose particulars of the dates of the said bills, and their several amounts; and shall be glad of a remittance for their liquidation at your earliest convenience.

"I am, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,
"THEOPHILUS WITSON."

Cuthbert Elliston gives vent to so savage an execration as he finishes this missive, that his wife cannot help exclaiming, "You have bad news, Cuthbert."

"Yes," he retorts roughly; "men don't invoke such blessings as I have just done over pleasant communications."

But Mrs. Elliston was too weather-wise to pursue the conversation. She knew her lord's face far too well. The glass had shown unmistakable signs of depression as he pondered over his betting-book, and had now dropped to "set stormy." To carry on the metaphor, experience had taught Mrs. Elliston the wisdom of running before the gale; and, without further questioning, she quietly beat a retreat.

"I knew that boy was destined to be my evil star," muttered Elliston. "So, though he never alluded to them, Alistair never destroyed those bills; and now they have fallen into Gerald's hands, who is not likely to imitate his father's forbearance. How they have mounted up to that infernal compound interest—trust a lawyer for having computed them at that—and some of them have been running a good bit now; almost past the Statute of Limitations," he continued with a cynical smile; "it may be quite. I don't know whether I can't dispute them. I must see Pearson about them. I don't pay close on 7,000*l*. if I can help it. They think I'm in funds now; that I had a good year last year. So I had; but it was a more up-and-down one than people fancied. If I won a good stake over Caterham for the Guineas, I lost a raker over him for the Derby. The world always trumpets a man's winnings, and, as a rule, magnifies them; but, like himself, it is mute about his losses. It wasn't till Phaeton won the Leger I made a real haul; and this season has knocked a good deal of it down."

Elliston was so far right. A man's reverses on the turf are talked about in absurd disproportion to his winnings. *Apropos* to this, I knew a man who dated his ruin from landing 3,000*l*. over Gladiateur's Derby. "I got the credit of having won ten," he would murmur plaintively; "and every one I owed money to—and they were many—thought the time for cutting up the victim had arrived; that he would never wax fatter. Telling them the real state of the case, and that I dropped two-thirds of it again, entirely *in their interests*, at Ascot, only occasioned derisive incredulity, and they went for the carcass like the vultures of the East. They smashed me, and benefited themselves but little."

Elliston rapidly made up his mind that on the matter of those bills it was necessary that he should have his partner's advice. Pearson had not directly benefited by them, though, as he had managed the raising money to meet them for the late Squire when they became due, it is quite possible that he had fairish pickings out of the transaction. Sam Pearson had seen more than one sporting spendthrift through his patrimony, and, whatever they might do, he apparently threw upon it. "Go to Pearson, he'll see you through it, he never makes difficulties!" was quite a stereotyped cry amongst the impecunious of Yorkshire, and it was quite true as long as there was any security Pearson would and did find the money at very short notice, but the victims themselves hardly liked to allude to the price they

paid for it. "Going to Pearson!" was, indeed, usually the beginning of the end.

Elliston determined that he would run up to York. To-day he had to attend at Tattersall's, for he was a man who never employed commissioners, but did his own betting transactions, but to-morrow he would be off to consult Pearson. They could run over to Riddleton, too, have a look at the horses, and a talk with Bill Greyson. If these bills really had to be met it would be necessary to go for a *comp* at Goodwood. He telegraphed to Pearson to say he was leaving town by the midday train, and asking that worthy to give him bed and dinner. The lawyer was used to such sudden visits on the part of his partner, and was quite prepared to welcome him—had thought, indeed, that he would probably turn up that week if only to assist at the council of war which must be inevitably held concerning the great Sussex meeting. An you keep racehorses and gamble not for the prizes at Goodwood, what are you to play for? Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster, and York are the battle-fields of the big men, who leave the gate-money meetings and the provinces for the smaller fry.

"And now, Pearson, I have got a little matter of my own I want to consult you about," said Elliston, after discussing a quiet little dinner with his partner, and then he showed him Mr. Writson's letter. "Now, these bills, you see, amount to a pretty stiff sum, and, legally, I presume, they can't recover on them. Alister, of course, met them when they became due, and that cancelled them."

"Yes; they were met, I remember perfectly well, and that Writson can't take proceedings against you on them he knows as well as I do. They resolve themselves simply into a debt due by you to Alister Rockingham, and these bills being found amongst his papers testify to its never have been paid. Morally, I suppose you ought to pay it to his creditors or his son, more especially as his family is left so poorly off. Legally, you are safe, but socially it might prove a formidable weapon in the hands of any one of sufficient status to use it effectively. This boy Gerald is too young, and in no position to wield it, but if some of his father's old friends should take it up they might make things very unpleasant for you."

Cuthbert Elliston was quite aware that his present position in the world was much too shaky to bear being further compromised. Society is lenient in the extreme concerning turf tactics, will shut its eyes to much sharp practice in such matters, but Elliston had been mixed up in some two or three affairs that were voted too bad for even the easy turf morality of the present day. Old Lord Whitby, a staunch racing man of the old school, had even gone so far on one occasion as to declare that "the fellow ought to be warned off the Heath, and that it was like his confounded impudence to show his face in the Royal Enclosure, under the very noses of the Jockey Club, after such a disgraceful fraud as that Calliope business."

Elliston knew that there had been much commiseration expressed for Alister Rockingham's sad ending, and that had the world an inkling of how much he, Cuthbert, had had to do with it, public opinion would run high against him.

"Yes," he replied, at last, "I suppose they could, but I don't fancy Gerald is known to, or, at all events, remembered by, any of them. They are not likely to discover him under his present *alias*, and the young beggar's pride will prevent him disclosing his real name."

"Don't deceive yourself," returned the attorney, quietly. "The leaking out that Jim Forrest and Gerald Rockingham are one, is only a matter of time. All such things are. Suppose old Whitby took him up, and then came to know of those bills?"

"Confound it! I'm not in a position to stand another show up, and old Whitby was more strong than polite in his expressed opinion about that Calliope business. Talked about a gentleman's obligations not being on the same level as a leg's, &c. Old fool! As if I kept horses for his gratification or the public's."

"Very good. I think you're right when you admit that the story of those bills is an ugly anecdote to have in circulation about one."

"Perhaps so," rejoined Elliston, irritably, "but I'm not going to pay close on seven thousand pounds for its suppression all the same."

"No. I don't propose you shall. You must put yourself in my hands, and see what sort of a compromise I can arrange with Writson. He knows very well he can hope for nothing more, and I daresay a couple of thousand would settle the thing comfortably."

"One is quite enough to pay for such waste paper as that," returned Elliston, sullenly.

Pearson looked at his partner with almost a contemptuous expression for a moment, and then said:

"Of course, you know best what your position is worth. What I, Sam Pearson, the racing money-lending attorney, do, matters little. The world regards me as a compound of leg and money-lender, but even I haven't got quite such an awkward story on record against me as yours."

"Never mind," he continued, rapidly, seeing Elliston was about to speak, "I'll drive the best bargain I can for you, and then it will rest for yourself as to whether you take it or leave it. By the way, I'd not forget one thing, if I were you. Forrest, as he calls himself, is now engaged to Sir Marmaduke, and he stands, rumour has it, pretty staunchly to his followers."

"Why, you don't mean to hint that he would take him up as Gerald Rockingham?" ejaculated Elliston. "He's no old friend of Alister's."

"No. But from what I've seen of him, he's just the man to do it, and that he will find out who his jockey really is, I regard as a certainty, sooner or later."

"Well it's no use discussing an unpleasant subject further," growled Elliston. "To-morrow we'll drive over to Riddleton, and hear what old Bill's got to say."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LEASING A RACEHORSE

"SHE'S a monstrous pretty girl, that daughter of Greyson's," remarked Elliston to his companion as they rattled along the road that led from the quiet little country station up to the farm-house that laid nestling among the fir-trees on the edge of the Moor; "and as vain and pleased with flattery as any other of her sex, I take it."

"Yes; they're all much of a muchness in that way," replied Pearson. "She inherits her good looks from her mother; and Mrs. Greyson is insatiable as regards compliments on her personal appearance, you know well."

Elliston smiled. He had been a lady-killer in his day, and was by no means out of the hunt yet. A tall, fine-looking man, even if the dark hair was shot with silver. Mrs. Greyson had always shown much gratification at the airy incense it amused the ex-guardian to burn at her shrine; but whether she would appreciate his extending his admiration to her daughter was very questionable. Coquettish mothers seldom admire that attribute in their daughters, and are apt to accuse them of it even when there is no cause.

"Muslim's dangerous about a racing stable," continued the attorney sententiously. "They wheedle information out of soft-hearted pumpkins out of sheer devilment, and then some limber-tongued scamp wheedles it out of them; the fat's in the fire, and we're all in 'the cart.' Not that Bill Greyson's likely to trust his

womankind with much knowledge, however they may hunger for nibble at the tree."

Mr. Pearson's last speech was somewhat enigmatical, except in its conclusion, and in that the attorney was to some extent mistaken. The trainer was more open with his wife and daughter than Mr. Pearson supposed.

"No," replied Cuthbert; "but here we are, and there he is, all ready no doubt to unfold his budget.—How are you, Greyson? hope the nags look as fit as you do. As for you, Mrs. Greyson, you stopped Time's clock on the day I first saw you. How are you, Dollie? You grow prettier, child, every time I see you. What are the young fellows in York about," he continued, dropping his voice; "that they ever let you come back to Riddleton? Why, I dropped into your uncle's shop, last night, on the chance of seeing you, expecting to find a knot of youngsters ruining themselves in gloves, for the sake of your *beaux yeux*."

"Ha!" laughed Dollie; "you see he doesn't happen to be in York just now; so I thought I might as well come home," and the girl gave a coquettish toss of her head that was promptly taken note of by Mrs. Greyson.

"Her mother's own daughter," thought Elliston.

"I hope he is thoroughly eligible," said Cuthbert, smiling; "or else, Dollie, I shall feel it my duty to forbid the banns."

"Why, what have you to do with it?" asked the girl demurely.

"Everything! Haven't I been in love with you from your cradle? and you don't suppose I'll give you up if I don't approve? And I shall be hard to satisfy that any one is quite good enough for you."

"Ah! but that is a question that more nearly concerns me," returned Dollie; "and is a point on which I intend to judge for myself when the time comes," and as she spoke she wondered what Mr. Elliston would say, had he the slightest idea of her engagement to Gerald.

"You've come over to settle what I'd best take to Goodwood, I suppose," said the trainer. "I've eased Caterham in his work lately, so that he won't be at concert pitch if you even decide to send him."

"I think he had better go," replied Elliston meditatively. "We can't keep horses to look at; but we'll talk about that presently," and he glanced significantly towards Mrs. Greyson.

The trainer quietly telegraphed to his wife, who, murmuring something about seeing after the luncheon, left the room, accompanied by Dollie.

"Yes," chimed in Pearson; "a gallop at Goodwood will do the horse good, and we needn't back him, you know. How's the Dancing Master?"

"Ah!" exclaimed Elliston. "I little knew what a flyer I was giving you when I told you you should have him if he won the 'Guineas.' You will have a shy with him at Goodwood, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied the trainer, quietly, "I think not. The colt never was better; but the fact is, gentlemen, I daren't show him. You know what he is. He ran away with the Two Thousand, and refused to try a yard at Epsom. He would probably do the latter again at Goodwood, and, as my object is to sell him, the less he is seen on a racecourse the better."

"Quite right," grinned Elliston. "He is a sort that will break two or three owners before some one has the common sense to shoot and bury him. Now to what we really are concerned about. Phaeton, I fancy, ought to have a chance in one of the big handicaps. It depends, of course, upon what they put him in at; but his one performance was winning the Leger. He's all right, eh?"

"Yes," answered the trainer, slowly, "he's right enough; but a Leger's a Leger, and I don't think they are likely to give him a very 'gaudy chance.'"

"Phaeton is a horse," observed Elliston sententiously, "that can carry weight well. And, like many another good horse, can do a big thing over a short distance. I want to win a good stake, and we shall not be able to get a long price about the horse if he should tickle the public fancy. My idea is that in this case he will not. They are pretty sure to think he has too much weight assigned him for one thing, and as a Leger winner consider staying his *forte* for another. They are not likely to back him over one of these short-distance handicaps. We might pick up a lot of money with him over the Stewards' Cup if the handicapper should prove good-natured."

"Well, sir, that's all simple enough. The horse had better go to Goodwood, and whether he is worth backing or not we shall know when we see the weights."

"That's settled, then," said Pearson, "and, as for the young ones, they must, of course, go and do the best they can; but I'm afraid our two-year-olds this year might be briefly summed up as rubbish."

"There's a race in one or two of them," replied the trainer, "but they are not much good, and if they do win it will only be because the others are precious bad."

"You haven't had an offer then yet for the Dancing Master, eh?" inquired Pearson.

"No; I can't altogether say I have, sir. Bob Broughton's been a nibbling at him, but, of course, that wouldn't be for himself, and who he's acting for I can't exactly make out, but I'm given to understand I shall hear more about it at Goodwood; bound to, if it's a bid worth having," continued the trainer, with a quiet smile. "A young gentleman with a brand-new jacket, and mad to see his colours first past the post at Doncaster, is the sort of customer I want! Lord, Mr. Elliston, what sums we have seen young gentlemen give for a horse to win a Derby or Leger with!"

"He's not a horse I should care to buy, Greyson," said the attorney, "but I shall trust him with a little money if he runs for the St. Leger. It's the only way to deal with animals like that. Their precious tempers ensure there always being a longish price against them, and they seldom go sick or sorry, and one never can tell they may not take it into their heads to run clean away with a race."

"Backing the zero at roulette I know has a fascination for some people, but I should have thought, Sam, it was a weakness that you, at all events, had got over. Greyson's a better judge, and knows he can't be out of the Dancing Master too soon. Now give us some lunch and a glass of dry sherry in which to drink good luck to ourselves all round at Goodwood, and then I must be off. I want to get back to town to-night."

Always a sanguine man in his racing speculations, Elliston had never been gayer than he was over that lunch. He had that unaccountable, unnatural hilarity which our Scotch neighbours call "fey," which is always held presage of some great disaster. A decorous edition of the Feast of Belshazzar, and on which the writing on the wall is invisible, as it was ages ago to the Eastern potentate. He complimented Mrs. Greyson, joked Dollie about what he considered that mythical York lover, promised her a bracelet if Phaeton won the Stewards' Cup, smacked his lips over a glass of Curaçao, and then lighting one of Bill Greyson's best Cabanas, with an airy wave of his hand to his wife and daughter, sped southward to the lists on the Sussex Downs as blithely as Ivanhoe to those of Ashby.

The last days of July are come, the sweets and bitters of the season have been drained to the dregs. Unwilling milliners have been coaxed into throwing yet more bread upon the waters, to furnish unmarried beauty with armour for a final appearance in the *mêlée*. That gallant and light-hearted band of society's darlings who think that their bills at Mitchell's, dinners at Long's, accounts

for broughams, gloves, bouquets, and every other of the *menus-plaisirs* that it is possible to have "put down," are to be settled by successful racing speculation, have "pulled themselves together" for the Sussex fortnight. "Just clear the slate off a bit, old chappie, and then we can go and shoot grouse with a clear conscience." They don't do it, but how delicious that springtime or youth is when it all looks feasible! Later on we know what playing for the last stake means, and can see the fatal deuce ace, "the dog's throw," before the dice have left the box.

Two notable things characterised the turf market at the opening of the Goodwood Meeting. One was a strong disposition to back the Dancing Master for the Leger, emanating, the King declared, from nobody knew who—certainly not from the stable, as those connected with the horse simply derided the idea of supporting him. Bill Broughton, certainly, seemed to think it worth his while to take a thousand to eighty occasionally, but Bob was known to be a speculative backer at times, as well as bookmaker, to say nothing of having countless commissions on hand.

Another thing was that the gambling on the Stewards' Cup promised to surpass all precedent. Sir Marmaduke and his followers kept on backing Pibroch as if his defeat was impossible, and all racing men concurred that he was very favourably weighted, but still many thought that the race was by no means a gift to him. Several other horses were strongly fancied by their respective partisans, and, amongst others, the small coterie usually associated with Bill Greyson's "good things" were very pronounced in their support of Phaeton. Still there was nobody who bet on the large scale of Sir Marmaduke and his immediate followers, and old racing men stood aghast at the way the Baronet would fill up three or four pages of his betting-book in as many minutes when he really was sweet upon his chance.

With regard to the first of these mild mystifications, the following record of a conversation that took place between Sir Marmaduke and old Bill Greyson, in a pretty little cottage at Singleton, a hamlet about a mile from the Grand Stand, may afford some explanation:—

"Broughton tells me you want to see me, Sir Marmaduke," said the trainer, as he entered the quiet little dining-room in which it was evident the Baronet had eaten a solitary dinner.

"Sit down, Mr. Greyson," he began with. "Yes, I do want to see you," he continued as the trainer complied. "Broughton tells me the Dancing Master is for sale, at a price. Can you warrant him sound?"

"I never warrant a horse, Sir Marmaduke; but he is sound in wind and limb, and any veterinary surgeon you choose to name is welcome to look him over."

The Baronet lit a fresh cigarette, and then said carelessly, "What do you want for him?"

"Ten thousand," rejoined the trainer gravely.

"I should doubt your getting that," rejoined Sir Marmaduke; "at all events it's beyond my mark."

"And yet rumour says you gave that sum for Bushranger, who didn't win the Two Thousand, while my horse did," said Greyson.

"Which only shows I paid too much for Bushranger," replied the Baronet, by no means to be thrown off his *sangfroid* even by so old a hand as the Riddleton trainer. "I am anxious to avoid a repetition of that mistake. Now your horse has a temper unmistakably, and that knocks money off him. Never mind fencing; in one word, what's the lowest will buy him?"

Bill Greyson looked at the Baronet with no little inward astonishment; the *insouciant* young gentleman was outside his experience. Most of the neophytes with whom he had had to deal were enthusiastic, sanguine, and utterly blind to the spots in the sun of their desires.

"Yes, Sir Marmaduke," he said at last; "he has a temper, and if it wasn't for that, I wouldn't 'bate a pound, as I honestly believe him to be the best three-year-old I ever trained. One word, as you say, and have done with it. He's yours for nine thousand; and that's the last I have to say about it."

"Won't suit, Greyson," replied the Baronet promptly, as he lit another cigarette; "wait a moment while I think it out, and I'll tell you what will." A pause of two or three minutes, and then he continued, "I won't buy; but I tell you what I'll do. I'll lease the Dancing Master for the remainder of this year and the next; the horse to revert to you again then. Terms, five thousand pounds and half of every stake he wins. He will be a rare good horse to you under those conditions, if he takes it into his head to run honest; and quite a bad enough one to me if he don't."

"It's a bargain, Sir Marmaduke," replied Greyson; "and a liberal one on your side I'm bound to confess. I'll send for the horse at once, and hand him over to Pipes."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," replied Sir Marmaduke; "that's by no means part of my scheme. I want him to remain under your charge; and no one to know that the horse has changed hands. You understand?"

"I think so," replied the trainer. "You can make more money out of him, Sir Marmaduke, if he is not known to be yours. He's to do his best for the Leger, of course?"

"The best we can make him. You can have a little of my book if you take further interest in him. Forrest, the boy who rode him in the Two Thousand, as you know, I have now first call of. I shall give him the mount at Doncaster; the colt seems to run better in his hands than any one's."

"It's awkward, Sir Marmaduke; but my employers insist that Jim Forrest does no more riding for Riddleton, and I've my own reasons for not wishing him about my place myself."

"Odd, that," replied the Baronet; "I should have thought he did you all a good turn at Newmarket, and he can ride, mind you. Now, Greyson," he said, rather sharply; "if our bargain holds good, who I put up is nothing to you or your employers. He rides my horse, which you train, and he need never come near Riddleton."

The trainer thought for a moment, and then said: "You're right, Sir Marmaduke, he's my horse even if you cry off your bargain, and I've a right to give the mount on him for the Leger to whom I like. All right, I'll do my very best to send him to Doncaster fit. In whose hands you put him for the race will be, of course, no affair of mine, but Forrest knows him, and from what I hear and have seen he's quite good enough."

"All right," replied the Baronet. "Remember the Dancing Master's not wanted till the Leger, and I shall conclude he's going on perfectly well unless I hear from you to the contrary. As for the money, just send me a memorandum of where you want it paid."

"Thank you, Sir Marmaduke, and now I'll say good night. I wish you all possible luck with Pibroch in the Stewards' Cup, but it's only fair to tell you we expect to beat you with Phaeton. We mean it, and ours is very well."

"Thanks, Greyson," replied the Baronet, dismissing the trainer with a friendly nod, and once more plunging into dissection of the forthcoming handicaps. If there was one horse in the race that figured in the betting he felt sure of beating, it was the winner of last year's Leger, and yet Phaeton's trainer indubitably believed in him. Well, that might be, but he would stand by his own opinion. The great question was how was he to make the best of his St. Leger hand. His own horse Pibroch he felt sure couldn't stay. From information he had received he doubted Comet's standing a Leger preparation. He would make a book for the Dancing Master, and commence operations to-morrow.

Never had Sir Marmaduke and the reckless spirits that followed his lead had a more roscate time than that Goodwood week. The cruel fortune that had stuck like a burr to Mr. Pipes' stable all through the spring seemed to have departed. Luck had turned at Ascot, and it now seemed as if they could do no wrong. Captain Farrington gravely affirmed that he was getting tired of winning—a very rash assertion to indulge in with Brighton and Lewes, and their wondrous facility for dissipating Goodwood gains, yet to come. The Stewards' Cup had confirmed Sir Marmaduke's judgment, resulting in a tremendous finish between Phaeton and Pibroch, who came clean away from their field, and in which, after a ding-dong struggle, Jim Forrest just contrived to squeeze the Baronet's horse home by a head. This brilliant piece of riding at once established him in the front rank of the profession, for he was pitted against no boy, but a skilled horseman, and it was generally conceded by all racegoers that the slightest error in judgment on Forrest's part would have caused the head to be given the other way.

Cuthbert Elliston cursed the Stewards' Cup and Jim Forrest with a vindictive earnestness that made his partner stare. Small chance now of redeeming those cancelled bills unless they were appraised at a very slender value, while his superstition about the bad luck Gerald's appearance heralded was more confirmed than ever.

(To be continued)



MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S "Foxglove Manor" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is equal in power to any of its predecessors. It has not the fascination of what still remain his great prose works, "The Shadow of the Sword" and "God and the Man," but only because its subject is by nature wanting in the elements of picturesqueness and adventure. As a study of morbid anatomy it reaches the highest level to which work of that kind can possibly attain. From a dramatic point of view there is genius shown in the gradual transmutation of our original sympathy with, and liking for, the Reverend Charles Santley first into pity, thence into contempt, thence into disgust and loathing, and finally into the renewed pity that must needs come when the whole of any human soul is opened fully before our eyes. The process of exhaustive dissection is never pleasant, even when exercised by genius; nor can "Foxglove Manor" be honestly recommended as pleasant reading. But a reader who follows it to the end without an increase of wisdom and widened sympathies must be a very strange sort of reader indeed. Moreover there is real need of such books as these at a time when there is so little manliness in fiction generally, and when the outlines between sentimentality and duty, and between right and wrong, are so commonly blurred. In his preface, Mr. Buchanan not unnecessarily vindicates himself beforehand from any possible charge of making the clergyman whom he has chosen for his subject in any way represent his calling. We should never, however, have made such a charge, because the ecclesiastical framework of the story was so obviously required by the construction of the story. It does away at once with a number of difficulties appreciable by artists and critics alone, into which therefore there is no need to enter. It, moreover, brings out into stronger relief the contrast between Charles Santley and the Agnostic philosopher, George Haldane: nor can it be said that Mr. Buchanan, however he deals with the men, sways the theological balance one way or the other. Mrs. Haldane, also, though studied only from the outside, is an admirable portrait, as showing how sin is, as George Haldane is made to put it, a moral leprosy, extending beyond the sinner. The manner in which the lost priest is brought at last face to face with conscience is certainly melodramatic, but not the less powerful, as an escape from the threatening tragedy. It is to be wished that Mr. Buchanan would realise the necessity for relief in fiction. His lurid monotone, without it, becomes oppressive at times, and would gain marvelously from an occasional breath of fresh air. But, with this solitary drawback, which indeed seems inseparable from Mr. Buchanan's genius, "Foxglove Manor" is a work to be grateful for: though that it may be misunderstood we can readily believe. Perhaps it may help in some measure against this danger to note that it refuses to recognise any possible compromise, however purely sentimental, between conscience and passion.

"Beauty's Queen," by Marie Connor (3 vols.: F. V. White), contains some very remarkable incidents indeed. They mostly occur to the hero, who is a correspondingly remarkable man. Their general drift may be judged from learning that he, hitherto unknown as an artist, had not been many weeks in Rome without beginning and finishing a great picture which at once became the talk of the whole world. But, in consequence of a sudden heart-break, he straightway, apparently without ceasing to be a Protestant, becomes a Benedictine monk, and in four months from that time, being still a layman (necessarily so according to his age), is appointed to a highly important and dignified position in the Church. Naturally, however, he learns, too late, that he had broken his heart in consequence of a mistake and the treachery of a villain: for the heroes and heroines of fiction have long ceased to have any trust in one another. It is to be hoped that trust is not becoming less common than it used to be in real life, but it is certainly, in novels, becoming extinct altogether. In his capacity of priest, or at any rate of ecclesiastical dignitary, he is called upon to attend the last moments of the woman he had loved, and falls a corpse over her body. How the lady came there is also a curiosity in its way. She, having discovered the villain's treachery, not only to herself but to another young woman, determines on giving him an especially sensational dismissal. She says nothing to anybody, but, when standing with him before the altar, allows him to say "I will." Then, after making a great scene, she runs away from the church, and, instead of going home to her family, escapes to Paris and starves without any shadow of necessity. The novel is tragical to the highest pitch. All the characters of any consequence are left dead except one little boy, who, it is cordially to be hoped, grows up to meet with more ordinary experiences. The story is altogether ridiculously impossible, and is told in a style of sentimental exaggeration to which no description can do any sort of justice.

"Heart Salvage," by Mrs. Cooper (Katherine Saunders)—(3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is a collection of stories, of which the principal, and by far the longest, is called "By the Stone Ezel." This is an entirely domestic tale, gracefully and pleasantly told. To judge from its general style and character, it must have been originally written with a view to Christmas-time. Of this season it takes the view which became conventional after Dickens set it going, and ends in the appropriately jovial way. Of late years the Dickens treatment of Christmas has been going very much, or rather altogether out of fashion, and there is little if anything in the fiction of the latter end of the year to distinguish it from Midsummer, except in the matter of quantity. September is even still a little early to begin upon Christmas reading, especially of the old and traditional sort; but the tale is quite good enough of its kind to continue in season for a few months longer, and to be worth reading for its general merits meanwhile.



JUST now, when relations between the English and French peoples leave something to be desired, books that shed light upon the character of our neighbours across the Channel acquire an increased interest. One of these books is "At Home in Paris" (W. H. Allen and Co.), by the late Mr. Blanchard Jerrold. The author's criticism of "The Gavroche Party," the journalists without scruple, remorse, or shame, at whose head stands M. Henri Rochefort, is masterly. His description of the poor poet Dupont, and of the career of M. Viennet, is intelligently sympathetic. What he has learnt and written about the French system of dealing with the poor claims the attention of our social reformers. Much as there may be to find fault with in France, in this matter she is ahead of us, according to the author. If we have a fault to find with this posthumous work it is that it is too discursive, and assumes too readily an intimate knowledge of French life not invariably possessed by the general reader. Yet the following passage from the story of a poverty-stricken author has power and music in it: "The beggar pillowed on his wallet may be ermine-nursed in his dreams, although he lies where the lizard shines on the rock, the policeman's thumb presses his rags, and yet he is king among men, until he is twitched into rascaldom. Why should he not rest? The royalty of his dreams has not power to loosen a bell in the cap of the king's jester. The thundercloud is not bed-covering. He must wake and put lath and plaster between his beggar limbs and the wind." For students of Parisian life, social, literary, and journalistic, "At Home in Paris" has value.

A praiseworthy production is "A Danish Parsonage," by "An Angler" (Kegan Paul). It treats of a young English country gentleman, John Hardy by name, who, being drawn to Jutland by his love of trout-fishing, takes up his residence in the family of a Danish clergyman. John Hardy's manliness and kindheartedness win him the love of the Danes with whom he mingles. His very satisfactory banking account stood him also in good stead; in fact the gentleman all round is a paragon. The style is ostentatiously simple and straightforward from the beginning, so much so as at first to raise a suspicion of baldness. The characters are well drawn, and some of them are of considerable beauty. "A Danish Parsonage" is a glorification of certain traits to be found in Englishmen. On the Danes the author reflects for inquisitiveness carried to the verge of impertinence, and for suspiciousness, a result, it would seem, of over-caution and shrewdness. These defects are redeemed, however, by their latent sterling goodness and honesty. The author has written an interesting book, and his heroine, Helga, is probably as true to nature as she is charming and original.

The circumstance of the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Montreal has led Mr. S. E. Dawson, one of the local secretaries of the Association, to write and publish a "Handbook for the Dominion of Canada" (Montreal: Dawson Brothers). The work is not only well printed, provided with a proper table of contents and excellent maps, but is an advance on the usual type of guide books in point of literary style. The account of the past and present of Acadia, a region familiar to most people from having read "Evangeline," is not among the least interesting parts of his book. Not only the British Association, but intending visitors to the Far West have reason to be grateful to Mr. Dawson for providing them with a manual both interesting and trustworthy. Guide books are too often made to order. The author has acted in a broader spirit than it would be reasonable to look for in the works of the ordinary hack.

The Rev. Charles Swinnerton has published through Messrs. New man and Co., of Calcutta, "The Adventures of the Punjab Hero, Raja Rasalu." This volume of stories is compiled from original sources, and is a pleasant addition to the literature of folk-lore. Raja Rasalu was a Rajput Prince who lived in the time of Augustus Cæsar. His personal strength, his wisdom, cunning, and success as a warrior and a hunter made a profound impression on the minds of his contemporaries, and gave birth to the quaint legends which Mr. Swinnerton has been able to collect. Rasalu shoots an arrow weighing a hundred pounds thirty miles high, and one of his friends discomfits foes by cutting off his own head, using it as a missile, and then, though decapitated, fighting twenty-four hours with tremendous energy. The Punjab stories are in a sense childish; but their naïveté makes them amusing as well as instructive. Their atmosphere is that of the "Arabian Nights," and Rasalu is another Aladdin.

For persons suffering from pulmonary complaints Dr. Tucker Wise has written "The Alpine Winter Cure" (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox). He describes thoroughly, from a medical standpoint, the Swiss health resorts—Davos Platz, Wiesen, St. Moritz, and the Majola. The author seems to make his case clear that high altitudes and a dry cold climate with plenty of fresh air are essential to the relief and cure of diseases of the lungs, and consumptive patients cannot do better than study what he has written.

"Fifteen Years of Army Reform" (Messrs. Blackwood), by "An Officer," treats the whole subject of short service, abolition of purchase, localisation, and territorial schemes thoroughly. The author has no good word to say for recent changes, and his indignation evidently overmasters him whenever he has to do with the Adjutant-General of the Forces and the "Ring" of favoured officers. Without doubt "An Officer" gives expression to the sentiments of a large number of men in the service, on whom the frequent recent changes have borne hardly. Of the tone of the writer, apart from the argumentative value of his facts and of the opinions of experts, an idea may be formed from the following excerpt:—"What comes yet more nearly home to the officers is, that methods have been freely resorted to in the promotion of personal interests. It is certainly a new thing to the British Army to hear, as we hear now, of the 'Rings,' 'Cliques,' and 'Mutual Admiration Societies,' which have practically, and to all appearances permanently, almost monopolised the prizes of the profession. It is not only that certain officers have contrived to establish the idea of their own indispensability, and so pass their lives in gliding from one good thing to a better; but that the officers in general have been made to feel that unless they are within, or can by some means find entrance into, the 'Ring,' their professional prospects are extremely shadowy. They cannot even look forward to the chance of employment in responsible positions, for what they constantly see is that, when such a chance arises in some distant part of the world where they may happen to be, they are at once superseded by members of the 'Admiration Society,' specially despatched from London or elsewhere, these being now the men who now must needs be sent everywhere to do everything, and of course to reap the lion's share of the rewards, which are showered upon them with a lavish hand." "An Officer," however, has done wisely in calling public attention to the disappointing condition of our military forces after "fifteen years of army reform."

To the literature of Evangelicalism the Rev. Charles Bullock, B.D., contributes "The Crown of the Road: Leaves from Consecrated Lives" (Home Words Publishing Office). The lives chosen are those of Sir James Simpson, Lord Hatherley, Frances Ridley Havergal, Bishop McIlwaine of Ohio, &c. The biographies do not claim to be original, but are based on larger works which

have previously appeared. The quotations from these works, which chiefly make up "The Crown of the Road," have been judiciously chosen. Many people who cannot afford to buy the larger books nor spare time to read them will be glad to have in cheap and handy form the means of gaining information about persons in every way so admirable as those about whom Mr. Bullock's volume concerns itself.

It is not every day that manufacturers publish a really good book for the sake of a short and unpretending advertisement of their goods at the end; but Messrs. Murphy and Co., of New York, being makers of coach varnish, have issued a very pleasant brochure on "The Delights of Coaching." Not only have they done this, but they give the book away to their friends, who might well receive a worse present. The literary style is good, and the matter contains much interesting historical detail. The initial letters by Mr. F. Lathrop and the etchings by Mr. S. J. Ferris are quite works of art. After reading "The Delights of Coaching" one is in full sympathy with the motto from "Chrononhotonthologos" on the title-page,

O for a coach, ye gods.

Messrs. Murphy's enterprise deserves to be rewarded by an abundant sale of varnish.

The Rev. J. C. Brown, LL.D., adds to his works on forestry with "Forestry of Northern Russia." As with his "Forestry of Norway," his book contains liberal quotations from literary travellers as well as the results of Dr. Brown's original observation. His work is interesting generally, and should tend to promote an intelligent appreciation of the importance to the world of forest science, and should help to prevent the wasteful denudation of wooded districts. Readers will find in "Forestry of Northern Russia" much entertaining geographical, social, and political information, besides what is more directly technical. In a word, it is a useful and instructive book.

THE LITERARY LIFE OF THE MODERN ATHENS

Long have I roamed through lands which are not mine—Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine, Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep; But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall; The infant rapture still survived the boy, And Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy.—BYRON.

THE Scot was ever a wanderer. In those darkest days in the history of the Northland—days whose darkness culminated in England's classic age—no fitting occupation at home presented itself to the man of gentle birth. So he passed over to the Continent, and became great as a soldier or famous as a scholar there. Brighter times dawned after the first evil effect of the Union had disappeared, and its beneficent influences had scope to manifest themselves. Literature and Art, twin sisters, began to raise their heads in the capital. To that succeeded the Golden Age, when, with some justice, Edinburgh might claim to be the Modern Athens—the age of Scott and Jeffrey, of Brougham and Horner, of "Christopher North" and the Ettrick Shepherd; the age when *Tory Blackwood* and *Whig Review* had their birth. The great lights died out one by one; others, but none so brilliant, have shone in their places. They, too, have flickered out. The mysterious magnetism of London has lured thither the most promising of younger generations—too often to lose their personality in the anonymity of the newspaper press. So is it also in the sphere of Art. A wider world is sought, and fame greater than can be bestowed by the Royal Scottish Academy.

But at heart painter and poet and *littérateur* are alike true to the land that bore them. *Amor patriæ* is a distinguishing feature of the race. That is why, in the studio of an eminent R.A., the Scottish arms are displayed on the dexter side of the fireplace. Through the work of the Scottish novelists there is heard persistently

The hum of bees in heather bells
And bleatings from the fells.

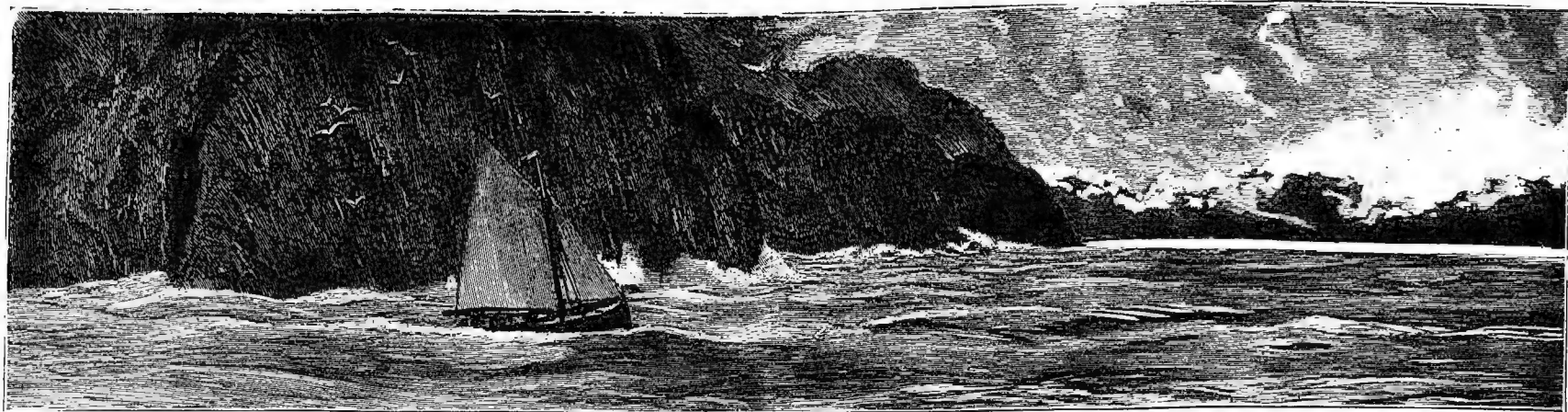
Burns, turning "his weeder-clips aside" to spare the thistle, because it is the emblem of his country, is typical of his compatriots of all ages. And how many wanderers from the bleak land beyond the Tweed are there for whom, with him who never forgot his childhood among the Braes o' Dee,

Lochnagar with Ida looked o'er Troy.

In a speech delivered at a recent banquet, one of the few literary Scotsmen who still make their home in the neighbourhood of the Modern Athens took occasion to protest against the southward flight. He might as well have protested against the migration of swallows in autumn. While this is granted, it may be doubted whether any city in the Empire has a literary record, or even, for its size, a literary position, in the present day of which it has reason to be equally proud. In a year which has seen a gathering of intellectual giants unique in the history of Great Britain to do honour to the Northern University, it may not be uninteresting to glance back over the roll of names, since the Union, of which Edinburgh can justifiably boast.

The night was at its darkest in the reign of good Queen Anne—a reign which, with all its shortcomings, was a bright period in English literature, using the term in its most limited sense. Across the Tweed a deep silence prevailed. Calvinism had killed culture, or so it seemed. Just when winter appears to have obtained supreme mastery over Nature there begin to be mysterious throbbings of life down under the soil. So it was then. In the year 1700 a youth came in from the village of Leadhills to learn the trade of wig-making. He occupied his leisure in a much more congenial fashion, studying the songs and ballads of the North Country and such fragments of the elegant literature of London as found their way into those latitudes. Nor, we may be sure, was the romantic story of the haughty beauty of the North lost upon him. No poet ever grew up amid her old traditions who did not feel their influence. "To an imaginative man, life in or near Edinburgh is like residence in an old castle. The rooms are furnished in consonance with modern taste and convenience; the people who move about wear modern costume, and talk current affairs in current colloquial phrases . . . but while the hour flies past, a subtle influence enters into it, enriching, dignifying—from oak panelling and carving on the roof—from the picture of the framed and hooped lady—from the old suit of armour and the moth-eaten banner." What is true of this present year of grace was true, to some extent at least, in 1700. Long the young wig-maker dreamed of these things. There began to float about, at length, humble printed leaflets that manifested a power of song such as had been unequalled since Drummond or Hawthornden was laid to his rest. A new poet had arisen. The citizens sent their children with babbees for Allan Ramsay's latest print. The wig-maker became the laureate of the Easy Club. On through the reign of the "wee, wee German lairdie" the poet sang. He is not much read now. "The Gentle Shepherd," indeed, retains some popularity, but dusty copies of "The Evergreen" and "The Tea-Table Miscellany" haunt the shelves of antiquarian book shops, and rarely find a purchaser. Nevertheless, even as Cowper shone like the morning star of a nobler day for English poetry, so Allan Ramsay heralded the glory that was to be in Scotland.

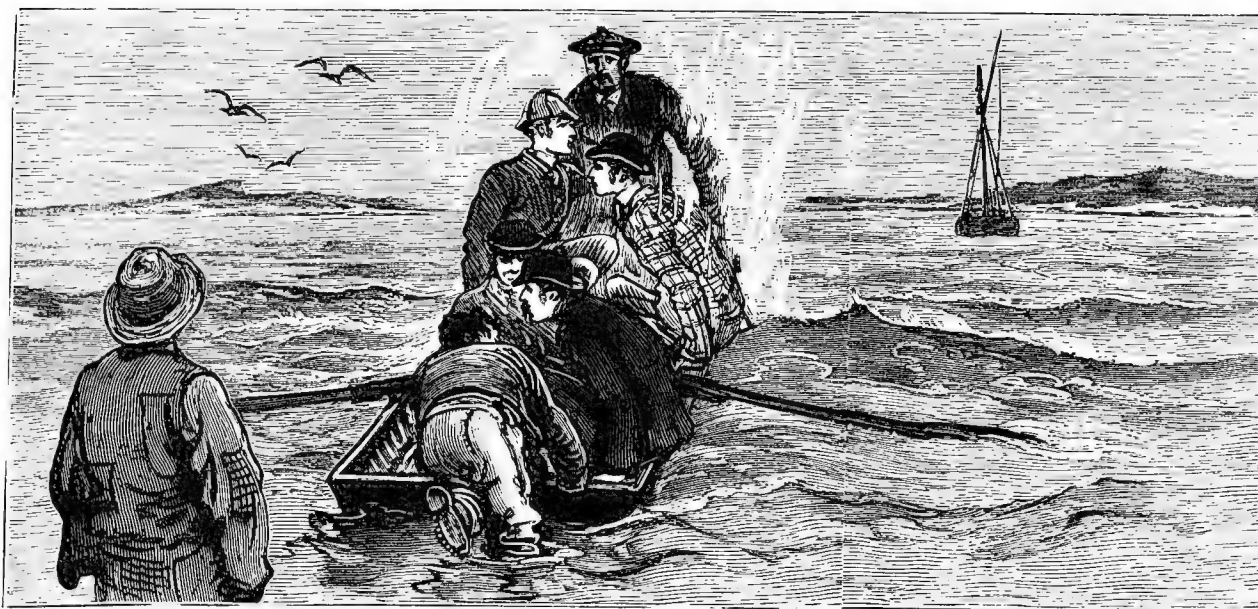
The years roll on. Bonnie Prince Charlie has marched down the Canongate, with his pipes skirling, has held his *levées* in the Palace



UNDER THE LEE OF SLIEVE MORE



IN THE KING'S PALACE—DANCING WITH THE PRINCESSES



THE EMBARKATION

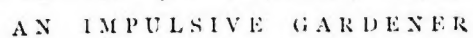


THE "KING" OF INISHKEA



WE ASTONISH THE NATIVES WITH A FAREWELL SALUTE

A VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF INISHKEA, OFF THE CONNAUGHT COAST, IRELAND



of his ancestors at Holyrood, has been hunted through glen and over sea; but the Jacobite sympathies linger long, and the Stuart cause dies in a swan-song of tender and thrilling melody. Five years after the tall houses on the ridge beheld that vision of the '45, another poet was born, Robert Fergusson by name, remembered chiefly, perhaps, because of that scene in the Canongate Kirk-yard when a sturdy ploughman from Ayrshire, whose face is more widely familiar than any other to Scotsmen, stood bare-headed by his grave. Curious and interesting are the stories that have floated down to us from that winter of 1786-87, when Robert Burns flashed like a meteor through the literary society of Edinburgh—a distinguished literary society even then, for among its members it included Lord Monboddo, Henry Mackenzie ("the Man of Feeling"), Harry Erskine, and Dugald Stewart. One of these traditions relates the first meeting of Burns with a lad of sixteen, who, though none may then have dreamed of it, was to do more for Scotland than the elder bard himself. Another tells of "a little black creature" of a boy, Francis Jeffrey by name, who was standing gazing earnestly at a man whose face distinguished him from all the crowd in the High Street. Observing his interest, one tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "Ay, laddie, ye may well look at that man! That's Robert Burns." So was the one era linked on to the other.

Now came the Augustan Age, and the Northern capital disputed literary supremacy with the wonderful band who at Rydal, and Grasmere, and Keswick were creating a revolution in many things besides poetry. The soil that had lain fallow so long bore rich harvest at last.

One stormy night, when the wind was rattling the casements, and the rain dashed wildly around the unlucky wayfarer, there met in an upper chamber in one of the tall houses in Buccleuch Place a little band of conspirators. In those days Toryism was supreme, and the Whig advocate, as he paced the long floor of the Parliament House, had ample leisure for the consideration of other than legal lore. The majority of the conspirators were briefless barristers. Chief of them was the "little black creature," who had been attracted by the poet—now grown to manhood, but insignificant in appearance as ever. His right-hand man, a lanky, supple-sinewed youth from the Border, was the future Lord Chancellor, Henry Brougham; and, to complete the trio most worthy of notice, there was the witty and genial Sydney Smith, "a very unclerical clergyman," yet one whose sermons are remembered when similar productions have long been buried in oblivion. To him occurred the idea of a Review which should at once afford an outlet for their pent-up genius and burst like a shell in the midst of the staid Tory society of the city. In October, 1802, the first number was issued. "The effect was electrical"—so says Lord Cockburn. "The Lake School" had no enemy so able as this, though the review of "Thalaba," with which the campaign opened, was not so very scathing after all.

Whether the extraordinary manifestation of literary genius and activity which distinguished the opening of the nineteenth century was due to the "ploughshare of revolution" which had upturned the "subsoil of European society" is not a question with which we are here concerned. But true it is that the excitement which thrilled the country had a good deal to do with the success of the venture. So had the *amor patriæ* already referred to. The most bigoted Tory was proud of the Court over which "Judge Jeffrey" presided, and which dealt so mercilessly with the Southron; evoking even from him in whose veins ran the "daft Gordon bluid," "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." But to his honour Jeffrey was not prejudiced by patriotism. Walter Scott added to the merit of being a Scotsman that of contributing to the *Edinburgh*, yet Jeffrey did not shrink from risking his alienation.

Of course imitators sprang up. The Tory party could not abandon the field to the enemy; so, under very different circumstances, the *Quarterly* came into being. More romantic was the youth of *Blackwood's Magazine*, with the wild young blood running riot in its pages. The Chaldee Manuscript produced as great a sensation as No. 1 of the *Edinburgh Review* had done. These three periodicals, then, became the centre of a galaxy of literary lights. In addition to the progenitors, the earliest could boast the support of Thomas Carlyle. One can forgive Jeffrey a good deal because of his acceptance of that "little paper on Jean Paul," whose author was the son of the Ecclefechan stonemason. James Grahame, author of the "Scottish Sabbath," mild and peaceful as his poem; and the "gentle Horner" were also of that brotherhood. The contributors to the *Quarterly* included men who had no connection with the Modern Athens; but its real steersman was the "brilliant and caustic" Lockhart. The geniæ whom the head of the House of Blackwood summoned to his aid were, like the other confederacy, for the most part young advocates. Most conspicuous was that wonderful youth who had come almost to be classed as a member of the Lake School—that Northern Light, brilliant and transient, to whom we owe the "Noctes Ambrosianæ." Of the "Etrick Shepherd," it is not possible to affirm that he was actually concerned in the production of *Blackwood*. His name, certainly, is indissolubly connected with it, and Edinburgh is fain to claim as much association as she can with the author of "Bonnie Kilmeny."

But we may not linger. Gradually those tender and fiery spirits pass away out into the unknown. The city is beautiful as ever; the grey old houses gaze down over the valley as of yore; but the forms once familiar have vanished from the streets. "We are such stuff as dreams are made of. Visionary grow the old familiar scenes and faces, as brother after brother steals silently from us; spectral and remote the talk, the controversies, the criticisms, the habitual friendly greetings that were once so simple and commonplace."

Yet in the pages of one who has but as yesterday gone from us—Dr. John Brown—some scenes of the bygone time are painted in imperishable colours. Who that has once read it can forget that description of the "stout blunt carle," with his broad and somewhat stooping shoulders, his sensitive and suggestive mouth, repeating the ancient ballads to his "bonnie wee croodlin' doo," Pet Marjorie. While the snow drifts up Castle Street before the snell north wind, the wizard conjures forth the ancient knights and ladies fair, even as we try to conjure up that scene to-day.

The divine fire was not extinguished all at once. The family of Chambers has become as well known as that of Blackwood. *Firmilian*, a *Spasmodic Tragedy*, evoked an echo of the clamour which greeted the Chaldee Manuscript. It is one of the least known of Aytoun's works; but on the literature contemporary with its production it had a salutary effect. It killed by ridicule the weeds fostered in the heated imaginations of a group of poetasters, and it led to higher flights the short-lived Alexander Smith, a true poet, yet tainted with the faults of the spasmodic school. But recently the quaint figure of John Hill Burton, the book-hunter, was to be descried hovering about ancient bookstalls. Aytoun, whose coadjutor was Sir Theodore Martin, has been succeeded in the professorial chair by the dray-horse of English literature, David Masson, the most thorough and painstaking writer of his time, whose "Life of Milton" can never be superseded. The Historiographer-Royal, too, has found a worthy successor. R. L. Stevenson, perhaps the most admirable prose essayist since Lamb, though an exile, is as he once wrote to him who pens these lines "true in his heart to Auld Reekie." If Stevenson has a rival it is in the person of "Shirley," whose lovely and secluded Hermitage nestles in a wooded glen "within a mile of Edinburgh town." Among the lesser luminaries the authors of "Olrig Grange" and "Stronbury"—not to mention the picturesque Blackie—still testify that the Modern Athens has something more to dwell upon than the memory of a glorious past.

J. W.



B. WILLIAMS. —A charming song, which will go far to make a name for its poet and composer is "Some One," written and composed by Mary M. Lemon and H. Trotère. It is published in F and in A flat. By the same composer, who has also supplied the words, is "Alack-a-Day," a very *piquante* "rustic romance" of medium compass, which would win hearty applause at a country concert or musical reading.—Of two songs by Odoardo Barri, the one is of a serious type, "Spirit Voices," words by Lindsay Lennox; the other is "Birdie's Nest," written by M. Ingle Ball—a cradle song of the domestic type. Both these songs are published in three keys, and are calculated to become popular.—A tale of the sea, with a happy ending, is "Katie's Dream," written and composed by S. Williams; this pretty ballad will find many admirers.—Messrs. Astley H. Baldwin and Michael Watson have written and composed a song which anybody can sing, "Our Army and Navy," published in four keys; it is spirited, and decidedly boastful.—"Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" has been prettily and easily transcribed for the pianoforte by Emil Waldmiller.—H. Trotère's song "Some One" has been seized upon by Carl Olma, and arranged as a waltz, for which the pretty melody is well adapted, but the constant repetition of it on bands, organs, &c., will soon destroy its interest, and its popularity will be but short-lived.—"The Azalea Schottische," by Percy Lester, is one of the best of its school, and promises to be first favourite in the ball-room for many months to come. The floral frontispiece is very well done.—We cannot say the same of the two smiling simpletons whose portraits are displayed on "The Tête à Tête Polka," by Ambroise Leduc, the music of which is fairly good, although lacking in originality.

MESSRS. PATEY AND WILLIS. —Very welcome to the young folks will be "Ten Two-Part Songs," the poetry by their favourite Longfellow, the music composed expressly for the use of classes in schools (girls' or boys' voices), by Francesco Berger; there is a freshness in the setting of many of our old favourites which cannot fail to please both singers and audience. Both words and music of "On the River," written and composed by Michael Watson, are of more than ordinary merit, and will please wherever they are sung.—Pathetic words, wedded to suitable music, are combined in "Sister Agnes," written and composed by Harold Wynn and Louis Diehl.—Of two fairly good pieces for the pianoforte, by Herbert F. Sharpe, "Will of the Wisp" may lay claim to more originality than its fellow, "Spagnoletta."—Brilliant and showy, "Peine de Cœur," *melodie pour piano*, by Tito Mattei, is worthy of the study required to play it well.—Two useful pieces for after-dinner execution are respectively "March of the Forty Thieves," by Michael Watson, and "Bagatelle," by Ernest J. Reiter.

MESSRS. OSBORN AND TUCKWOOD. —Three songs, which will serve to while away the winter evenings, are "The Drummer and His Lass," written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Vernon Rey, compass C to D; a cheerful little narrative ditty, "Hearts are Trumps," a merry love song, music by Ciro Pinsuti, words by the above-named poet (published in E and in G); who has also written "Harp and Crown," music by Berthold Tours, with violin or violoncello obligato.—The words of "At the Spinnet," by Mary M. Lemon, are worthier of a better musical setting than they have received at the hands of Suchet Champion; the compass is from E flat first line to the octave above.—Both words and music of "Sweethearts Still," written and composed by Kate Taylor and Arthur J. Greenish, are good, and worthy the attention of a soprano.—Three pianoforte pieces of average merit are "The Silent March," a transcription, by Michael Watson, of the popular song which bears that name; "Bewitching Gavotte," by E. Boggetti; and "Dance des Courtiers," a *gavotte majestique pour le piano*, by Theo Bonheur.

LONGCHAMPS REVISITED

LAST YEAR, on a lovely September afternoon, I found myself, after an absence of thirteen years, seated on one of the chairs scattered about beneath the solitary tree—alone in its glory, like its colleague in the paddock at Epsom—on the grass-plot of the *enceinte du pesage* at Longchamps. I had not seen a French race-course since the disastrous 1870, and gladly profited by a short stay in Paris to revisit the *cari luoghi* once so familiar to me, and renew my acquaintance—interrupted since the war—with more than one influential member of the Gallic Turf. It was the opening day of the autumn saturnalia, and attracted a fair proportion of *habitues*; although in one important respect a *hiatus valde defendendus* was observable, which deprived the meeting of half its customary charm. The lady amateurs, doubtless still revelling in the Capuan delights of Deauville or Biarritz, were neither to be tempted from their marine haunts by the seductions of the programme, nor even by the opportunity of essaying the effect of some new and marvellous "creation" of Wörth; for has not the code of fashion—so at least its votaries pretend—inexorably decreed that Paris in the dead season is a manifest impossibility? In lieu, therefore, of the gay toilettes that are wont to dazzle the spectators of the Grand Prix, when at every step you are sure to come across some *élégante* of the Faubourg St. Germain or the Quartier Monceaux, the few specimens of the fair sex present on the occasion alluded to, hardly a score in number, and for the most part of unmistakably "bourgeois" type, proved but indifferent substitutes for the usual patronesses of the locality.

By way of consoling us for this defection, the Jockey Club mustered strongly; the principal absentee to my great regret being Count de Lagrange, since dead, unfortunately prevented by illness from witnessing the triumph of Farfadet, who, it may be remembered, ran second to the invincible Frontin in the Derby at Chantilly. The Nestor, however, of the French Turf, M. Auguste Lupin, was at his post, superintending the process of weighing and saddling with the same watchful interest exhibited by him five-and-thirty years ago, when the Champ de Mars of dusty memory was the only available race-course, and Longchamps a dream of the future. Not one of his colleagues, old or young, has done more towards improving the breed of horses, and few, if any, have been recompensed by an equally successful career; six times has the Gallic Derby fallen to his share, while the achievements of Dollar and Jouvence are honourably recorded in the annals of Newmarket and Goodwood.

I remember when this excellent sportsman carried off the great prize at Baden in 1858 with La Maladetta, he, together with other members of the Paris Jockey Club, determined on celebrating the event by measuring their strength against M. Bénazet's bank; and with this intent adjourned in a body after dinner to the *rouge et noir* table, exactly at the moment when there happened to be a run on the red. As might naturally be expected, the entire party commenced operations by backing the winning colour; one side of the table being covered in an instant with notes and gold, while only a few stray five-franc pieces were visible on the other. Before dealing, however, the officiating *croupier* quietly remarked that as seven thousand francs had already been staked, whereas the maximum was limited to six, the surplus money must be withdrawn before the game could be allowed to proceed; upon which M. Lupin, who had contributed a thousand-franc note to the mass, coolly transferred it

to black, and won. He then replaced the whole on red, deserted in its turn by the other players, and won a second time; whereupon some one present having observed that it was useless to play against such a lucky one as the owner of La Maladetta; "Maladetta pour nous, c'est possible," exclaimed one of the losers (M. Reiset, if I recollect rightly); "mais Benedetta pour Lupin!"

I was glad to exchange a few words of friendly greeting with Baron de la Rochette and M. d'Etreillis, each of whom years ago successfully filled the ungrateful office of "starter," the former especially being the terror of refractory "lads," and adamant in the matter of fines; both now enjoy their well merited *otium cum dignitate*, and content themselves, like Mr. Mizzle in Oxenford's farce, with being "merely spectators."

A glance at the card showed me that the proprietors of the horses engaged were with few exceptions pretty much the same as they were during the Empire, the familiar names of Baron Schickler, Messrs. Henri Delamarre, Lefèvre, and Aumont, in addition to those of Count Lagrange and M. Lupin, being prominent features in almost every race; with most of these I had an acquaintance of long standing, and felt gratified by the present opportunity of renewing it. Three of them were winners on the occasion, Baron Schickler with La Dauphine, Count Lagrange with Farfadet, and M. Paul Aumont, the sight of whose time-honoured colours recalled to my mind the days when the white jacket and green cap were a "caution" to their competitors at Chantilly, with Made-moiselle de Senlis. The victory of the latter appeared to give general satisfaction to the occupants of the public stand, nine out of ten of whom, by the way, were unmistakably connected with one or other of the rival stables. M. Lefèvre failed this time to score a win, as also did that most sympathetic of turfites, M. Delamarre, who, contrary, alas! to most of us, is evidently destined to emulate his own once famous Vert Galant, and looks positively as young as he did twenty years ago.

Between the races, after imbibing a glass of so-called Madeira at Rouzé's stall, I bethought myself of indulging in a quiet cigar under "the" tree, and was much amused by the very audible conversation of two journalists sitting near me.

"What are you doing now?" asked one.

"Putting the finishing touch to a fashionable chronicle dated from Luchon," replied his colleague; "and you?"

"Making out a list of the accidents that will happen when the *chasse* opens next week!"

Two innovations struck me in the course of the afternoon; first, the absence of the once ubiquitous Isabelle, who, as I noticed in one of my walks, has established herself as "florist to the Jockey Club" in the Rue Royale (in which street, by the way, on the right hand side going to the Place de la Concorde, a hospitable *café* invites the wayfarer to regale himself with a sherry "gobler"); and secondly, the transmigration of the "Ring." No longer permitted to exercise their calling beneath the traditional "mushroom," the bookmakers are now shunted off to the extreme end of the enclosure, where they stand on either side all in a row like the four-and-twenty blackbirds, each with his name inscribed on a narrow red board above him; the odds against the different starters being more or less legibly written for the edification of speculators. Two or three names, unquestionably Britannic, I had heard of before; the owner of one of them attracting the attention of customers by continually vociferating *Voyez le côté! voyez le côté!* the latter word accented according to the usual pronunciation of an indispensable article in a masculine wardrobe. The remainder were mostly French, and strangers to me; but they seemed, one and all, to drive a roaring trade, and accepted no bet under a lous. On the course itself, where the price of admission is only one franc instead of twenty, a less aristocratic portion of the fraternity are located; and there sums of smaller amount may be staked, and, as the selling-off people say, "no reasonable offer refused."

Not caring to remain for the last race, won easily, as I afterwards learnt, by that most popular and straightforward sportsman, Baron Arthur Schickler, and having a fancy for a leisurely stroll round the lake, I was on the point of quitting the enclosure, when I perceived an old acquaintance engaged in conversation with a tall, stout individual, with a singularly-preoccupied air, and waited until they separated.

"Did you see that man I was talking to?" said my friend. "He's a curiosity, and we call him 'l'oncle d'Amérique,' as in Scribe's comedies at the Gymnase. The poor fellow is afflicted with an extravagant nephew, whose debts he has paid so often that it has become quite a second nature to him; so that, whenever the scapegrace's name happens to be casually mentioned in his hearing, he mechanically puts his hand in his pocket, and astonishes the speaker by asking him in a confidential tone:—

"How much does he owe you?"

C. H.

"THE GARDEN OF LIFE" is the fanciful heading set to the record of births, deaths, and marriages in an Australian journal, the chronicle being subdivided into "Buds," "Blossoms," "Cypress." This is more poetic than the customary Transatlantic phrase of "Cradle," "Altar," "Tomb;" or the flippant title used in the journals of the Far West, "Hatched," "Matched," "Despatched."

A POISONOUS WOOD has recently caused much suffering amongst the workmen in some Connecticut factories. Here the red cocobola wood from Panama is used for knife handles and various ornamentation, and the workmen engaged have been poisoned by the dust, their faces and hands swelling violently. Children playing amongst the waste sawdust have been poisoned in the feet, and a number of fowls feeding in the neighbourhood have died from swallowing the dust accidentally scattered among the grass.

THE HOUSE WHERE GAMBETTA DIED AT VILLE D'AVRAY, near Paris, is to be bought by a number of friends and re-furnished as in his lifetime. At present the rooms are empty, save for pictures and masses of faded memorial wreaths and garlands, remnants from the funeral. In the drawing-room is a big sarcophagus of dried flowers, arranged by admirers on the anniversary of their hero's death, while photographs of the French statesman in the tribune and lying in state as a corpse face each other on the walls. Gambetta's bedroom contains another faded floral tomb on the spot where the bed stood, and opposite hangs a huge yellow immortal crown sent by Alsace. The outlying grounds and buildings of Les Jardies are to be sold, including the little garden pavilion which Gambetta had made into a rustic library. Visitors are generally admitted to the house; but the housekeeper declares, according to M. Clarétie, of the *Temps*, that she has to keep a sharp watch on the English, who would rob the garden of every flower and twig to carry away as *souvenirs*.

HAWKS AND SPARROWS. —The sparrow has fallen lately under a not undeserved condemnation as a supplanter of graceful song birds and swallows, and a ravenous consumer of grain and seeds. Sparrow-shooting, however, is very poor sport, and is in fact a mere slaughter. Is it out of the way to suggest that the old and genuine sport of hawking might be revived, so far at least as the smaller falcons and hawks are concerned? These birds will strike down sparrows, and of course can be trained to return to their masters. The flight of the two birds, the slayer and its victim, is a fine sight even when the birds are both small. If we are overrun with sparrows, and their extermination has become necessary, it might be as well to see if some sport cannot be got out of the task of thinning their numbers.

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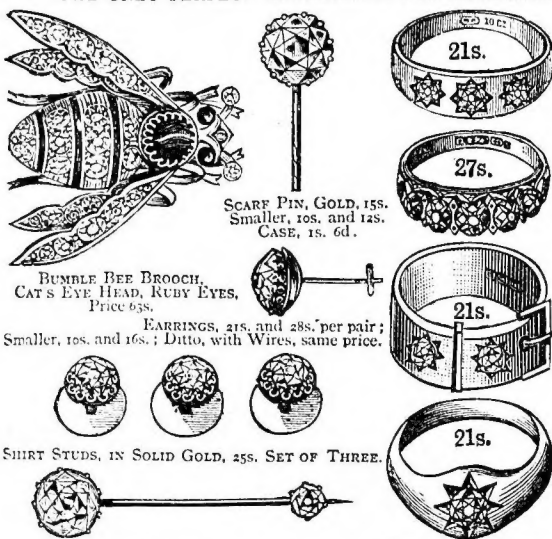
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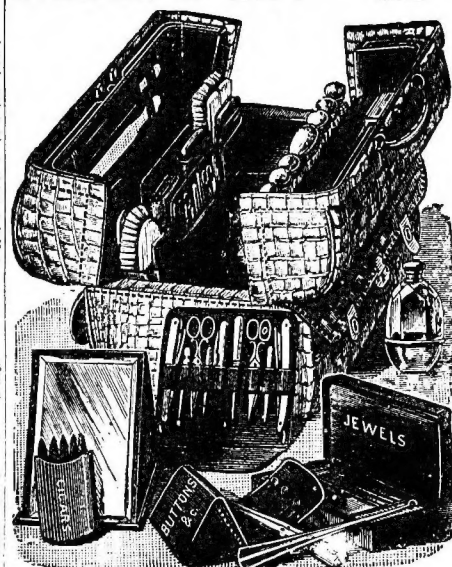
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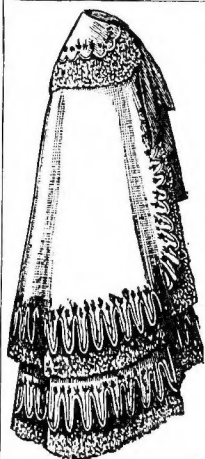
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